
RELPH'S POEMS.



Often here, at evening walk,
With the POWER SUPREME I talk.

POEMS

BY THE
REV. JOSIAH RELPH,

OF
SEBERGHAM.

WITH THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Third Edition, with Improvements.

EMBELLISHED WITH
PICTURESQUE ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,

BY
MR. T. BEWICK, OF NEWCASTLE.

“ The Poetic Genius of my country bade me sing the loves, the joys, the
rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue. I
tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.”

BURNS.

NEWCASTLE ON TYNE,
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==
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DEDICATION.

TO

SIR WILFRID LAWSON,
OF BRAYTON-HALL, BART.

SIR,

IN attempting to do justice to the merits of the Author of these Poems, a Second Edition is sent into the world, embellished with the PICTURESQUE ENGRAVINGS of the ingenious Mr. T. BEWICK, of Newcastle.—

As the Patron of Genius, and the Admirer of the Polite Arts, to whom can the works of the CUMBERLAND BARD be more properly dedicated than to You?—To You, therefore, as a mark of respect, or rather as a tribute

of justice, this improved Edition of
RELPH'S POEMS is inscribed by,

SIR,

Your most obedient
And very humble Servant,

J. MITCHELL.

CARLISLE,
JANUARY 1, 1798.



THE LIFE
OF THE
REV. JOSIAH RELPH.

IN becoming the historian of events which have been the primary or assisting causes of some great revolution, or in relating the prominent actions of an able statesman, a profound politician, or a distinguished warrior, the narrator is actuated by a desire to present the fruits of his labour to the public in as polished a manner as possible, and his fame is frequently consulted before the truth. It happens however, not unfrequently, that a spirit of moderation is preserved, which tends to give us instruction, even though the information be not correct.—But these Memoirs are of a different cast: they are not calculated for the meridian of fashion. No failings are liable to be wounded, except vice; and no dispositions are likely to be disgusted, except such as are inimical to domestic felicity.

THE character we mean to pourtray stands but little indebted to foreign assistance for the improvement of a genius which seems natural and intuitive. From his earliest years he displayed a propensity to compose; but these exercises were merely for his own amuse-

ment: and, though, no doubt, he paid attention to the culture of his mind, yet his abilities are seldom so transcendent as when his Muse speaks her native dialect: indeed his fancy seems continually delighted with home.—He speaks the language of a feeling soul on apparently the most trivial occasions. If an acquaintance with whom he had spent some agreeable hours was taking a journey, he was sure to express his regret in a few verses. His whole life was only a parody of his sentiments; and, which is rarely the case with men of genius, the virtues which he most admired were justly delineated in his own character. On the spot where he derived his existence, he spent a valuable life. It was there he sung “the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of his natal soil,” and there he died.

JOHN RELPH, the father of our poet, held a paternal inheritance, which, from its present value, might be 50*l.* a year, from which he reared a family of four children, viz. three sons and a daughter.—The small estate we speak of is in SEBERGHAM, about the middle of the county of Cumberland, by far the most rural and delightful situation in the north of England. This is the place of JOSIAH RELPH’s nativity, who was born on the 3d of December, 1712.

HE was sent at an early age to Appleby, to receive his education under a teacher of great repute, Mr. YATES, who was frequently, by way of eminence, denominated the NORTHERN BUSBY.—Few men have

acquired a great name so deservedly.—At fifteen Relph was removed to the university of Glasgow, where he gave distinguished proofs of a peculiar genius: but unfortunately his stay here was very limited, for we soon after find him engaged, at his native village, in the education of youth.

THOUGH we find no reason for Relph's early removal from the university, but to embrace the vacancy of a school which then offered itself, it is but natural to suppose, that it was more a love of retirement, and the pleasure of being near his favourite home, than any other cause. No doubt the circumstances of his father precluded him from a long attendance there at his expence; yet a young man possessed of his talents, and of such an amiable disposition, had many opportunities of meeting with an employment suitable to his mind nearer the seat of the muses, where he might have had at least a prospect of a more elevated situation in life than that of a schoolmaster.

SOON after his arrival at his native village, he received the presentation of the small living, which was then (a perpetual curacy) worth about 30*l.* a year. This seems to have been the *apex* of Mr. Relph's hopes and expectations, for he never made one exertion, nor one application, to alter his situation. On the contrary, he placed his happiness solely in cultivating the good opinion of his parishioners, and paying attention to the duties of his office.

THE life of an amiable man, distinguished both as a Clergyman and a Poet, might be naturally expected to abound with literary anecdotes, which however is not the case ; neither is there a single trait in his conduct

“ Which spoils the credit of a generous fame.”

A regular display of suavity of manners seems to have been his general characteristic. There appear but few singularities or eccentricities in his conduct, except those which proceeded from the goodness of his heart. His modesty with respect to his own genius savours of timidity, and will probably by some be denominated weakness ; for he bestowed as much pains to prevent himself being known, as others under the same predicament would have done to bring themselves into notice. Whatever motive influenced him to do a good action, it was certainly different from that of most other men : like the benevolent Howard, he was uneasy when he became the subject of conversation, and would have blushed if any action he performed was thought worthy of a compliment.

DURING the whole of his life, from the time he commenced a teacher of youth, did he continue in that situation ; and even though he exerted himself for their improvement to the utmost extent of his abilities, we find that he frequently experienced ingratitude both from his scholars and their parents—a circumstance which impressed his mind with the most poignant

sensations. It appears from his papers, that he noted upon these occasions the feelings of his mind, which demonstrate what a conscientious regard he paid to that which he conceived his duty.—“*JANUARY 21, 1737.*

“*When any of the boys under my care do not make such improvement in learning and goodness as, from my endeavours, I might be justified in expecting: and when also they leave the school without expressing that gratitude which I think I might have looked for: or when the parents disapprove of my methods or discipline —let me be particularly on my guard not to abate of my care of those still left in my charge: and, regarding the censures I am exposed to, so far only as that I may amend what, on an impartial self-examination, I find to be really wrong, let it be my consolation to recollect, that, if I do my duty in the station of life to which the good providence of God has called me, though I miss my reward here, I shall not finally go unrewarded.”*

THE disagreeable occurrences of his life being mostly of a domestic nature, he exercised a truly christian philosophy to repress the indignant feelings of his mind. He had a step-mother who was unkind to him, and his sister frequently experiencing similar treatment, his fraternal affection was exemplary. His father was apt to justify the harsh embullitions of the step-mother's anger—an injury, though he forgave, he never could forget. Amid these family disagreements,

he would retire to his “FAVOURITE FOUNTAIN,”† and pour out his mind to his Creator. His meditations in these moments of distress present him in a most amiable point of view.—“*Give me grace, O God, always to have charity for the bad, and civility to all ; whilst I yet resolve to have intimacies with but few. May I hate nothing but vice, and love nothing but virtue. And whilst I continue, as I ought, to consider the glory of God, and the salvation of my own soul, as the main end which I propose to myself in life, teach me to consider present suffering as an earnest of future enjoyment ; and even sickness and sorrow as sent in mercy to prepare me for that better state, which cannot now, I trust, be very distant.*”

THIS fountain to which we allude was both the scene of exquisite felicity to our poet and the solace of his grief. Situated on the banks of the Caldew, it overhung that beautiful river, and presented in the perspective a richness of scenery which the Medway cannot equal, nor the Avon surpass. Here the chanting melody of the blackbird and thrush proved a cheerful accompaniment to Relph’s solitary muse. Here, like the advocate of the Pastoral Ages, he entertained, with patriarchal simplicity, his select party of friends ; and, like the pure fountain which diffused its limpid stream under their feet, he “poured, with

† See the Vignette in the title-page.—This fountain is situated at a place called CRAGG-TOP.

rapturous friendship, on the soul" the social effusions of humorous pleasantry, combined with salutary reflection.

His general character was happily calculated to infuse a favourable idea of pure religion. He was so averse to cavilling about the abstract questions of sectarian controversy, that his esteem was frequently bestowed on men whose ideas of religion were entirely opposite to his own. It was not the profession of religion which ensured his regard, but the zealous practice of its duties. The probity of a man's professions can only be ascertained by the integrity of his life, the consistency of his morals, and the benevolence of his mind. By this criterion he judged of mankind—the surest test of their sincerity.

As a Clergyman, he seems to have studied the tempers and dispositions of his parochial charge, so as to mould them into the grateful form of peaceable, humane, and good men.—The predecessor of Relph, Mr. JAMES KENYERS, though possessed of the best of hearts, seems to have mistaken the true object of religion in his instructions. Too apt to mingle the gall of austerity with the terrors of puritanical enthusiasm, he was not likely to make converts of men whose ideas of religion were formed in the school of last century. Ignorance and social rusticity were the prominent features of their character; and to render religion pleasing, it was necessary first to inform them. Of this Mr. Relph seems to have been aware. Religion

appeared, under the dress he assumed, amiable and inviting ; and, before he gave his instructions, he paved the way, not only by the benevolence and morality of own character, but by the social and cheerful manner with which his discourses were inculcated.—The eloquence of his preaching did not consist in a well-turned period, nor in the unintelligible jargon of school divinity : he was a lover of mankind, and wished to render every one happy within his power ; he therefore addressed them in a language they all understood ; and when he spoke, his feelings indicated, by the expression of his countenance, that he was in earnest.

THE aged villager, who remembers the days of Relph, repeats with awe the circumstances of wonder and astonishment which attended the footsteps of our poet in his midnight excursions.—The editor of the first edition of his poems says that he composed about eighty sermons ; and the Rev. Mr. BOUCHER, in his biographical account of Relph in the History of Cumberland, informs us, that these sermons were the result of “ his solitary contemplations and *night-thoughts* “ in the church-yard.”—To this unaccountable whim of Relph’s composing his sermons in the church and church-yard, is to be ascribed the tales of the “ terror-struck” matron,

Who held each tale devoutly true—
When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,

And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men ! COLLINS.

THE abilities of Relph as a Schoolmaster have always been held in the highest estimation. He left too many living specimens of his talents, to question the propriety of that opinion : and, in corroboration of its truth, we have the testimony of the late Mr. Walker, Lecturer upon Natural Philosophy, in our favour. That gentleman opened a course of lectures at Sebergham a few years posterior to the death of Relph ; and, from the conversation he held with the inhabitants, the questions with which they interrogated him, and the observations in general made, he frequently declared, that in no part of England did he ever discover more extensive information, and no where was he better understood.

RELPH employed some of his leisure time in collecting monuments of antiquity, with which many parts of Cumberland abound. But we cannot learn where these curiosities were deposited, though we have the evidence of his first editor that he collected several.

IT has been said the authors of some former accounts of our poet given to the world were more properly his encomiasts than his biographers. Aware of this idea, though we have collected from indisputable documents, it would be transgressing the line of impartiality, were we to say they have done him more than justice. His life was a public one, consequently his virtues were not likely to remain unknown. But

that he had no failings, or that his biographers mention none, is the objection. Humanity is strangely commixed, and there are few men possessed of great virtues, who have not some failings, which operate as a foil to their general character.—Such failings Relph undoubtedly had; but they arose from a sanguine temperament of mind, which, when obstructed, was apt to run into extremes, and render him peevish and unhappy.

HE was conscious he had weaknesses, and his philosophy and religion were exerted to remove them. He had reason however to be angry with the conduct of his father, in feeding an unwarrantable antipathy against him, at the instigation of his wife, Relph's step-mother.—He paid a most religious regard to the axiom, “*Honour thy father,*” &c. and in doing so he sacrificed his peace of mind, in dwelling under his father's roof after repeated insults. Besides regularly paying for his board and lodging, he even reimbursed the expence his father had been at in his education.—He at last, oppressed with grief, was forced to leave his father's house; and it was not till after repeated intreaties (though his health had long been on the decline), and his father had begged his forgiveness for the injuries he had done him, that he was prevailed on to return.

NOT long after this, our poet paid the debt of nature; but there is scarcely a period of his life more illustrative of his real character than his latter

moments. Prepared as he was for the event (having long laboured under an hectic consumption), with a manly philosophy, he collected all his scholars a few days before his death, to inform them of his situation, and to give them an admonitory lesson before he died. The purport of his instructions is still remembered by his surviving pupils with the venerable awe of a man whose memory is deified in their minds. To appropriate his address to their different capacities, he sent for them individually, and in an advice adapted to the disposition of the person to whom he spoke, he inculcated the duties of morality and religion. He called to their recollection the many lessons he had given them, and dwelt with peculiar force on the propriety of forming religious habits ; that, amid the various avocations of life, they ought to address that Being who gave them existence, and from whom their happiness was solely derived ; to view the advantages which honour and riches, power and wealth, might give them, as of little use, unless made subservient to the happiness of their fellow creatures, the promotion of benevolence and good-will, the relief of distressed humanity, and the advancement of virtue.

He likewise sent for several poor people in his neighbourhood, who laboured under any particular misfortune, and not only made them pecuniary presents as large as his finances would allow, but consoled them, in a most affecting manner, under their respective calamities ; and, in conclusion, observed, that that

God, who supplies with a munificent hand the wants of the fowls of the air, who distributes food in plenteous profusion throughout the earth, for man and beast, would not neglect the poor and the unfortunate.

THUS died JOSIAH RELPH, June 26th, 1743, in the 32d year of his age, regretted by all who knew him. He died in the same house where he was born, and was buried in Sebergham church-yard, the scene of many a nightly walk. In the year 1794, the Rev. Mr. BOUCHER, much to the honour of his liberality, caused a neat monument to be erected to his memory, with the following inscription :

M. S.

Reverendi viri, JOSIAE RELPH,
Cujus id erat ingenium, ea eruditio,
Et tantus animi candor, morumque sanctitas,
Ut illustrius quodlibet in ecclesia munus
Digne sustinuisset et ornasset.
Deo aliter visum est !
Partes ergo humiliores, haud forsan inutiliores
Ludimagistri et hujusce ecclesiæ sacerdotis
Lubenter exceptit,
Et constantissime explevit.
CAMÆNIS amicus,
Mores egestes, tanquam alias THEOCRITUS, feliciter cecinit
De brevitate vitæ, lector, ne queraris !
En virum, brevis quidem ævi, si numerentur anni,
Sin recte facta et virtutes spectes, longissimi !
Hic et enim, magno cum dolore omnium,
Sibi vero maximo cum lucro,
Ante obiit, quam annum 32dum absolvisset :
vi Cal. Jul. A. D. 1743.

TRANSLATION.

Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. JOSIAH RELPH,
Whose Genius and Learning,
Whose Candour of Mind and Purity of Morals,
Would have supported with Propriety, and adorned
The highest Offices in the Church.
But Heaven ordered it otherwise !
It was his Lot to move in the humbler,
Though not less useful Capacity
Of a Schoolmaster and Minister of this Parish.
He undertook their Duties willingly,
And faithfully discharged them.

Devoted to the MUSES,
Like another THEOCRITUS, he sung, in happy Strains,
The unpolished Manners of rural Life.

READER,
Do not complain
About the Shortness of his Abode on Earth !
Lo, man ! indeed of a contracted Age,
If his Years are reckoned ;
But, if you properly examine his Actions and his Virtues,
He was very old ;
For he, to the great Grief of all,
(But to himself a most happy Event)
Died JUNE 26th, 1743,
Before he had completed his 32d Year.

MR. RELPH, in stature, was tall, yet genteel ;
had a commanding aspect ; and, when he began to
speak, the quickness of his eye, with the expression
of his countenance, indicated such marks of a superior
genius, as always to leave a strong prepossession in his
favour.—He became at times rather peevish, con-

sequently severe and forbidding ; but, when he mixed in company, the cloud was dispelled from his brow, his conversation was animated, and his thoughts were expressed with neatness and perspicuity.

THE manner of his living was rather singular.—He accustomed himself to milk and vegetables, and his principal beverage was water.—It would be harsh however to attribute his death to this cause : it is more probable that his consumptive habit originated from the cold he might receive in his midnight walks.

THESE Poems were never published during the lifetime of Relph ; but were left by him at his death to a neighbouring lady, with no other recommendation, than a hope that the perusal of them would afford her an agreeable amusement, as the writing of them had done him. She had, however, too much veneration for the memory of her deceased friend, to withhold from the public so striking a proof of his genius and abilities.

WE cannot give our readers a more just idea of the merits of these Poems, than by transcribing the following character of them, given by the Rev. Mr. BOUCHER :—“ RELPH’s merit as a poet has long been felt and acknowledged. We do not indeed presume to recommend him to those high-soaring critics, who affect to be pleased with nothing but the *vivida vis*, the energy and majestic grandeur of poetry. His verses aspire only to the character of being natural, terse, and easy : and that character they certainly merit in

an extraordinary degree. His Fables may vie with Gay's for smoothness of diction ; and are superior to Gay's, by having their moral always obvious and apt. But it is on his Pastorals in the Cumberland dialect that, if we might presume to seat ourselves in the chair of criticism, we would found his pretensions to poetical fame. That our opinion is perfectly right, it might be presumptuous in us to suppose ; but we certainly have persuaded ourselves, that a dialect is, if not essential, yet highly advantageous, to pastoral poetry : and that the rich, strong, Doric dialect of this county is, of all dialects, the most proper. On this ground, Relph's Pastorals have transcendent merit. With but a little more of sentiment in them, and perhaps tenderness, they would very nearly come up to that inimitably beautiful pastoral, *The Gentle Shepherd* of Allan Ramsay. In short, these Cumberland eclogues are, in English, what we suppose those of Theocritus to have been in Greek. The ideas, as well as the language, are perfectly rural ; yet neither the one nor the other are either vulgar or coarse. Pope's Pastorals (and perhaps Gay's too in an inferior degree) are so trim and courtly, that the language of his shepherds and shepherdesses is as polished, and their ideas as refined, as if *all their lives in courts had been* : whilst Philips's damsels and swains, notwithstanding the uncouth rusticity of their names, are so affected, as to be quite unnatural. Relph drew his portraits from real life : and so faithful were his transcripts, that there

was hardly a person in the village, who could not point out those who had sate for his Cursty and Peggy.—The Amorous Maiden was well known; and died a few years ago, at an advanced age.

“THE character of Relph’s muse was a natural elegant ease and simplicity. He loved indeed to survey, though at a distance, the sublimities of Carrock and Skiddaw and Saddleback: but was contented to cull a few simple wild flowers that bloomed spontaneously in some neglected dells on the banks of the Caldew.

“IN delineating the passions and customs operative on low life, he is inimitable. And that critic must be insensible to the beauties of nature, and propriety of character, who does not with pleasure accompany our bard, whilst, with a picturesque accuracy, he discriminates the peculiarities, and describes the undistinguished and innocent loves of the Damons and Chloes of the vale of Sebergham.”

BESIDES the Poems that have been already published, he wrote, at a very early age, others of a miscellaneous nature, though much inferior in point of merit. Many of the Greek and Roman writers he either wholly or partially translated. Among his unpublished translations are—The Treatise of Consolation generally ascribed to Cicero; Epictetus’s Enchiridion; the Table or Picture of Cebes; the Epistles of Pliny; and several Orations from Cicero and Isocrates.



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PASTORALS, &c.

HARVEST,

OR, THE

BASHFUL SHEPHERD.

IN THE

CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

WHEN welcome rain the weary reapers drove
Beneath the shelter of a neighbouring grove ;
ROBIN, a love-sick swain, lagg'd far behind,
Nor seem'd the weight of falling showers to mind ;
A distant solitary shade he sought,
And thus disclos'd the troubles of his thought :—

Ay, ay, thur drops may cuil my outside heat ;
Thur callar blasts may wear the boilen sweat ;—
But my het bluid, my heart aw in a bruil,
Nor callar blasts can wear, nor drops can cuil.

12





Here, here it was (a wae light on the please!)
 At first I gat a gliff o' BETTY's feace :
 Blyth on this trod the smurker tripp'd, and theer,
 At the deail-head, unluckily we shear :
 Heedless I gliin'd, nor could my een command,
 Till gash the sickle went into my hand :
 Down heil'd the bluid,—the shearers aw brast out
 The sweets of laughter,—BETTY laik'd about ;—
 Reed grew my fingers, reeder far my feace,—
 What could I de in seek a despert keafe ?

Away I sleeng'd, to grandy made my mean ;
 My grandy (God be wud her, now she's geane)
 Skilfu', the gushen bluid wi' cobwebs staid,
 Then on the fair an healen plaister laid :

The healen plaister eas'd the painful sair ;—
The arr indeed remains—but naething mair.

Not sae that other wound, that inward smart,—
My grandy cou'd not cure a bleedin heart.
I've bworn the bitter torment three lang year,
And aw my life-time mun be fworc'd to bear,
'Less BETTY will a kind physician pruive ;
For nin but she has skill to medcin luive.

But how should honest BETTY give relief ?
BETTY's a perfet stranger to my grief :
Oft I've resolv'd my ailment to explain ;
Oft I've resolv'd indeed—but all in vain :
A springin blush spred fast owr aither cheek,
Down ROBIN luik'd, and deuce a word cou'd speak.

Can I forget that night !—I never can—
When on the clean-sweep'd hearth the spinnels ran :
The lasses drew their line wi' busy speed ;
The lads as busy minded every thread ;
When, sad ! the line sae slender BETTY drew,
Snap went the thread, and down the spinnel flew :
To me it mcade—the lads began to glop—
What cou'd I de ? I mud, mud take it up ;
I tuik it up, and (what gangs pleaguy hard)
E'en reach'd it back without the sweet reward.

O lastin stain ! e'en yet it's eith to treace
A guilty conscience in my blusken feace :
I fain wou'd wesh it out, but never can ;
Still fair it bides, like bluid of sackless man.

Nought sae was Wully bashfu'—Wully spy'd
A pair of scissars at the lass's side ;
Thar lows'd, he sleely dropp'd the spinnel down—
And what said BETTY ?—BETTY struive to frown ;
Up flew her hand to souse the cowren lad,
But, ah ! I thought it fell not down owr fad :
What follow'd I think mickle to repeat—
My teeth aw watter'd then—and watter yet.

E'en weel is he 'at ever he was bworn !
He's free frae aw this bitterness and scworn !
What ! mun I still be fash'd wi' straglen sheep,
Wi' far-fetch'd sighs, and things I said asleep ;
Still shamefully left snafflen by my sell,
And still, still dogg'd wi' the damn'd name o' *mell* !

Whare's now the pith (this luive ! the deuce ga' wi't !)
The pith I show'd whene'er we struive to beat ;
When a lang Iwonin through the cworn I meade,
And, bustlin far behind, the leave survey'd.

Dear heart ! that pith is geane, and comes nae mair,
Till BETTY's kindness sall the loss repair :

And she's not like (how sud she?) to be kind,
Till I have freely spoken out my mind ;
Till I have learn'd to feace the maiden clean,
Oil'd my slow tongue, and edg'd my sheepish een.

A buik there is—a buik—the neame—shem faw't !
Some thing o' compliments I think they caw't,
'At meakes a clownish lad a clever spark :
O hed I this ! this buik wad de my wark ;
And I's resolv'd to have't, whatever't cost :
My flute—for what's my flute if BETTY's lost ?
And, if sae bonny a lass but be my pride,
I need not any comforts lait beside.

Farewel my flute then, yet ere Carl fair
I to the stationer's will straight repair,
And boldly for thur compliments enqueuear ;
Care I a fardin, let the 'prentice jeer.
That duine, a handsome letter I'll indite,
Handsome as ever country lad did write ;
A letter 'at sall tell her aw I feel,
And aw my wants, without a blush, reveal.

But now the clouds brek off, and sineways run ;
Out frae his shelter lively luiks the sun ;
Brave hearty blasts the droopin barley dry,
The lads are gawn to shear—and sae mun I.



THE WALK.

As through the grove's delicious gloom
With Zephyrissa bless'd I roam,
No more the pensive turtles pine ;
The turtles lose their love in mine.

The warbler, heedless of his lays,
My goddess eyes with ardent gaze ;
To songs his bosom bids adieu,—
His bosom heaves with raptures new.

Officially the breezes wait,
The fair one's fervours to abate :
But soon themselves the breezes glow,
And ask the cooling aid they owe.

Why darts the fair-fac'd god of day
Among the boughs so fierce a ray ?
The god, invidious, would impair
The beauties of a face more fair.

In robes of richest, rarest dye,
The flowers, enamour'd, court her eye ;
Then sigh their souls, in zephyrs sweet,—
How proud to languish at her feet !

The crowded boughs her bosom kiss,
All trembling with ecstatic bliss ;
Then seize, as oft her swain has done,
Her garment, griev'd to part so soon.

O still, my charmer, stay and rove,
Thus still a goddess of the grove !
How tasteless is thy tea, my dear,
And O how sweet our nectar here !

Nor dread the beauteous scene's decay,
If Zephyrissa deign to stay ;
Still beauteous shall the scene appear,
And spring smile joyous all the year.



ON TEA.
—

LET poets praise, in rapt'rous dreams,
Their pretty naiads, purling streams ;
No stream purls half so sweet as ours,
No naiad half so pretty pours.

Her powerful cups let Circe bless,
And men transform to savages ;
Of happier force, our charmer's can
Polish the savage into man.

Medea's potions may bestow
On aged blood a youthful flow ;
Chloe's, of power yet more uncouth,
Quicken the very flow of youth.

And, Jove, tho' Hebe crown thy treat
With nectar and ambrosia sweet ;
We envy not, while we can boast
Our as delicious tea and toast.



HAY-TIME;
OR, THE
CONSTANT LOVERS.

CURSTY AND PEGGY.

WARM shone the sun, the wind as warmly blew,
No longer cool'd by draughts of morning-dew;
When in the field a faithful pair appear'd,
A faithful pair, full happily endear'd:
Hasty in rows they rak'd the meadow's pride,
Then sank amid the softness side by side,
To wait the withering force of wind and sun,
And thus their artless tale of love begun.

CURSTY.

A finer hay-day seer was never seen,
The greenish sops already luik less green ;
As weel the greenish sops will suin be dry'd,
As Sawney's 'bacco spread by th' ingle side.

PEGGY.

And see how finely strip'd the fields appear,
Strip'd like the gown 'at I on Sundays wear ;
White shows the rye, the big of blaker hue,
The bluimen pezz greenment wi' reed and blue.

CURSTY.

Let other lads to spworts and pastimes run,
And spoil their Sunday clease, and clash their shoon ;
If Peggy in the field my partner be,
To work at hay is better spwort to me.

PEGGY.

Let other lasses ride to Rosley-fair,
And mazle up and down the market there ;
I envy not their happy treats and them,
Happier my sell, if Roger bides at heame.

CURSTY.

It's hard aw day the heavy scy' to swing ;
But if my lass a holesome breakfast bring,
E'en mowing-time is better far, I swear,
Than Cursenmas and aw its dainty chear.

PEGGY.

Far is the gursin off, top full the kits ;
But if my Cursty bear the milk by fits,
For gallopin to wakes I ne'er gan wood,
For ev'ry night's a wake, or full as good.

CURSTY.

Can thou remember, I remember't weel,
Sin, call wee things, we claver'd owr yon steel ;
Lang wully-wands for hoops I yust to bay,
To meake my canny lass a leady gay.

PEGGY.

Then dadg'd we to the bog owr meadows dree,
To plet a sword and seevy cap for thee ;
Set off with seevy cap and seevy sword,
My Cursty luik'd as great as anny lword.

CURSTY.

Beneath a dyke, full menny a langsome day,
We sat, and beelded houses fine o' clay ;
For dishes, acorn-cups stuid dess'd in rows,
And broken pots for dublers mens'd the waws,

PEGGY.

O may we better houses get than thar,
Far larger dishes, doublers brighter far ;
And ever mair delighted may we be,
I to meake Cursty fine, and Cursty me !

CURSTY.

Right oft at schuil I've spelder'd owr thy rows,
Full menny a time I've foughten in thy cause ;
And when in winter miry ways let in,
I bore thee on my back thro' thick and thin.

PEGGY.

As suin as e'er I learn'd to kest a loup,
Warm mittens wapp'd thy fingers warmly up ;
And when at heels I spy'd thy stockings out,
I darn'd them suin, or suin set on a clout.

CURSTY.

O how I lik'd to see thee on the fleer !
At spworts, if I was trier, to be seer
I reach'd the fancy ruddily to thee,
For nin danc'd hawf sae weel in Cursty's ee.

PEGGY.

O how I swet, when, for the costly prize,
Thou grupp'd some lusty lad of greater size ;
But when I saw him scrawlen on the plain,
My heart aw flacker'd for't, I was sae fain.

CURSTY.

See ! owr the field the whurling sunshine whiews,
The shadow fast the sunshine fair pursues ;
From Cursty thus oft Peggy seem'd to haste,
As fair she fled, he after her as fast.

PEGGY.

Ay, laddy, seem'd indeed for truth to tell,
Oft wittingly I stummer'd, oft I fell,
Pretendin some unlucky wramp or stream,
For Cursty's kind, guid-natur'd heart to mean.

CURSTY.

Sweet is this kiss as smell of dwallow'd hay,
 Or the fresh prumrose on the furst o' May ;
 Sweet to the teaste as pears or apples moan,
 Nay, sweeter than the sweetest honeycomb.

PEGGY.

But let us rise—the sun's owr Carrock fell,
 And, luik !—whae's yon 'at's walking to the well ?
 Up, Cursty, up ! for God's sake let me gang,
 For fear the maister put us in a sang !

THE

FAVOURITE FOUNTAIN.

FIES NOBILIUM TU QUOQUE FONTIUM.

HAIL, sweet solace of my care !
 As the Sabine fountain fair !
 And where mine the Sabine's lays,
 Thou should'st rival it in praise.
 Boast old springs a sacred train,
 Of their nymphs and satyrs vain ;—

Frequent to thy streams repair
Swains as merry, maids as fair.
Boast old poets in their bowers
To converse with heav'nly powers ;—



Often here, at evening walk,
With the Power Supreme I talk.
Softly hurls the stream along,
O how gentle, yet how strong !
Sweetly murmuring in its flow,
Nor too loud nor yet too low ;
Touch'd with cold nor heat extreme,
Pierce the frost or beat the beam ;
Knowing nor to grow nor fail,
Rage of storms nor droughts prevail ;

C



Rise the mud or fall the shower,
Spotless ever, ever pure.
May my life be like my theme,
Such a little chearful stream ;
Nor in hurry wildly spent,
Nor quite flat and indolent :
Thus resistless let me lay,
Every ear attentive stay,
And each care-distracted breast
Sooth enchantingly to rest.
Let not Fortune's smile or frown
Raise me up or cast me down,
Still the same, unalter'd still,
Change she fickle as she will.
May I always be inclin'd
To advantage human kind ;
But most ready to dispense
Benefits on indigence.
Thro' this world, and its vain toys,
Sullying pleasures, soiling joys,
Let me wander without blame,
Pure returning as I came.



WRITTEN WITH A PEBBLE

ON A ROCK AT CORBY-CASTLE,

Upon seeing the fine Works in the Gardens there.

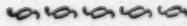
LET Protestants no more dispute
That miracles appear,
A single instance might confute,
But see a thousand here.



ON THE

FINE GARDENS AT CORBY.

FOR Paradise's seat no more
Let travellers search on Persia's shore ;
Its groves still flourishing appear
Upon the east of Eden here.





THE WISH.

IF some good-natur'd power divine
Shall deign to see this shade of mine,
And if that God (as gods have been
Delighted with a rural scene)
Well pleas'd, shall promise to impart
The bliss that heaves my longing heart,
This wish I'll readily present—
“ Make me in ev'ry state content.”

THE

DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

SINCE my dear Damascena's lost,
The only blessing life could boast,
These streams that roll far, far below,
Shall free me from this state of woe.

Oft in those sweetly cooling streams,
Oft have I bath'd my burning limbs ;
Your favours, gentle streams, repeat,
And cool once more my raging heat.

Then to the banks, where dwells my dear,
This breathless carcass kindly bear ;
Ah no ! in silence waft it by,
For fear the sight offend her eye.

Her charms at leisure to survey,
My ghost shall hover night and day,
Still watching, with officious care,
Occasions to oblige the fair.

THE WISH.

As in a vale through silent groves,
A little pleasing riv'let roves ;
Now here now there delights to stray,
And cheats with murmur'ring songs the way,
Till weary with the wand'ring race,
It sinks into its sire's embrace :—

In some lone place I'd pass my life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares and strife ;
And when my clear, unclouded light
Gives way to gloomy shades of night,
Weary with sport, with sleep oppress'd,
I'd gently sink to endless rest.

ST. AGNES'S FAST;

OR, THE

AMOROUS MAIDEN.

How lang I've fasted, and 'tis hardly four,—
This day I doubt 'ill ne'er be gitten owr ;
And theer as lang a night, aleis ! beside,—
I lall thought fasts seck fearfu' things to bide.

Fie, Roger, fie!—a sairy lass to wrang,
And let her aw this trouble undergang :
What gars thee stay?—indeed it's badly duine :
Come, come thy ways—thou mud as weel come suin ;
For come thou mun, aw mothers wise agree,
And mothers wise can never seer aw lee.

As I was powen pezz to scawd ae night,
O' ane wi' neen it was my luck to light ;
This fain I underneath my bouster laid,
And gat as fast as e'er I cou'd to bed :
I dreamt—the pleasant dream I's ne'er forgit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet !

A pippin frae an apple fair I cut,
And clwose atween m' thoomb and finger put,
Then cry'd, whore wons my luive, come tell me true,
And even forret sright away it flew ;
It flew as Roger's house it wad hev hit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet !

I laited last aw Hallow-Even lang
For growen nuts the busses neak'd amang :
Wi' tweas at last I met ; to aither nut
I gave a neame, and baith i' th' ingle put ;
Right bonnily he burnt, nor flinch'd a bit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet !

Turnips ae Saturday I pair'd, and yell
A pairing sav'd, my sweetheart's neame to tell :
Slap fell it on the fleer ; aw ran to view,
And cawt it like a *C*—but cawt not true ;
For nought, I's seer, but *R* the scrawl wad fit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet !



A fortune-teller leately com about,
And my tweas guid King Gweorges I powt out ;
Baith, baith (and was not that a pity) went,
And yet I cannot caw them badly spent :
She sign'd a bonny lad and a large kit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet !

When t'other night the bride was put to bed,
And we wad try whea's turn was neest to wed,
Oft owr the shoulder flung the stocking fell,
But not yen hat the mark, except my sell ;
I on her feace directly meade it bit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet !

But what need I fash me any mair,
He'll be oblieg'd, avoid he't ne'er sae sare,

To come at last ; it's own'd, it seems to be,
And weel I waite what's own'd yen cannot flee ;
Or, sud he never come, and thur fulfil,
Sud cruel Roger pruive sae cruel still,
I mun not, like a fuil, gang fast aw day,
And kest my sell just wittenly away.

She said, and, softly slipping cross the floor,
With easy fingers op'd the silent door ;
Thrice to her head she rais'd the luncheon brown,
Thrice lick'd her lips, and three times laid it down ;
Purpos'd at length the very worst to prove—
'Twas easier sure to die of ought than love.

ON THE

DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

AAMYNTAS is no more !
Ye Virtues, wail the youth ;
For Modesty and Truth
Must never hope to meet
With such an heavenly seat :
Then ever thus deplore
Amyntas now no more.

Amyntas is no more !
The swain, ye virgins, mourn—
Ah, never to return !
The pleasures of the fair
Were still Amyntas' care :
Then ever thus deplore
Amyntas now no more.

Amyntas is no more !
Lament your loss, ye youths ;
No more Amyntas sooths,
With converse sweet, the road
Of life, now hardly trod :
Then ever thus deplore
Amyntas now no more.

Amyntas is no more !
My friend, my best good friend !
Still let me mourn his end,
The youths thus ever call,
The virgins, virtues all,
Thus ever to deplore
Amyntas now no more.

CELIA SINGING.

WHEN Celia sings, the notes inspire
A still attention round the fire :
Their threads no more the maidens ply,
Before the swains the spindles lye ;
The mistress' tongue forgets to move,
And happy I no longer love.

Just so, the truth if poets tell,
When Orpheus struck his lyre in hell,
Ixion's wheel was seen to stop,
Ocnus omits to twist his rope,
At large rolls Sisyphus's care,
Their hissing plagues the furies spare,
And Tityus' heart, charm'd with the lay,
The vultures cease to make their prey.



THE

POET'S PETITION.

IF Phœbus his poet's petition would crown,
I'd ask a retreat in a snug country town,
Near which a clear stream in a valley should glide,
With fountains and meadows and groves by its side ;
And then my ambition no farther should stray,
But to better my life and to better my lay,
To virtue's improvement and vice's decay.

A competent fortune should be my next call,
Too great for contempt, and for envy too small ;
I would work, not for need, but my fancy to please,
With various enjoyment of labour and ease :
And then my, &c.

A friend of like temper and honesty try'd,
Should double my joys, and my sorrows divide :
But far from my cottage let beauty remove,
Nor poison my innocent pleasures with love :
And then my, &c.

At town I or seldom or never would come,
Unless when no subject of satyr's at home ;
Or (since sweetest pleasures the soonest will cloy)
To give a new relish to surfeiting joy :

And then my, &c.

And when those dear pleasures no more shall be mine,
Not weary with life, nor yet loth to resign,
In death I would gently dissolve, as in rest,
And this epitaph should be wrote on each breast—

The poet's ambition no farther did stray,
But to better his life and to better his lay,
To virtue's improvement and vice's decay.

OCCASIONED BY

A LITTLE MISS'S BURSTING OUT INTO TEARS

UPON READING THE BALLAD OF

“ *The Babes in the Wood.*”

As the sad tale, with accents sweet,
The little ruby lips repeat,
Soft pity feels the tender breast
For infant innocence distress'd :

The bosom heaves with rising woe,
Short and confus'd the pauses grow,
Brimful the pretty eye appears,
And—bursts at last a flood of tears.

Sweet softness ! still, O still, retain
This social heart, this sense humane ;
Still kindly for the wretched bleed,
And no returns of pity need !

In plenty flow thy days and ease,
Soft pleasures all conspire to please ;
Long may a sire's affection bless,
And long a mother's tenderness.

And thou, O bard ! whose artless tongue
The sadly-pleasing story sung,
With pride a power of moving own
No tragic muse has ever known.

Complete is thy success at last ;
The throng admir'd in ages past ;
Prais'd lately Addison thy lays,
And Nature's self now deigns to praise,

WRITTEN AFTER READING

PAMELA,

OR,

VIRTUE REWARDED.

WHAT is it, happy author, say,
That steals thus unperceiv'd away ;
That, where but negligence appears,
Dissolves the reader into tears.

Thy pages, like thy wond'rous theme,
Artless and undesigning seem ;
Yet warmth to each beholder lend,
And fix him their and Virtue's friend.

Henceforth, ye trifles, all adieu,
Each guilty and each idle view ;
And Virtue, sole-deserving guest,
To thee still sacred be my breast :

Yet if a lovely fair I spy,
Like her whose shade here charms my eye,
The hasty vow I'll break in part,
For PAMELA must share my heart.



Translations and Imitations.

THE

BATTLE OF THE GIANTS,

A FRAGMENT.

.....

FROM CLAUDIAN.

TELLUS of old, urg'd by a double cause,
Jove's happy empire and the Titans' woes,
Brought forth in Tartarus an horrid brood ;
Then Phlægra open'd, of her offspring proud,
To bring the monster-armies up to light,
And daring meet the heavenly powers in fight.

A noise ensues—boist'rous the rebel rout,
Intent on execrable crimes, rush out ;
With giant strides majestically stalk,
Clinch their big fists, and heaven to arms provoke.
Pale wax the stars, depriv'd of wonted fire,
Apollo's horses terrify'd retire,
And the bear, startl'd at so strange a sight,
To seas forbid before precipitates her flight.

Then thus her issue chears the mother vain ;
My sons, of tyrant gods the future bane,
Far as your view can stretch, this fight secures ;
Yours be the victory, and the world is yours.
Tellus's force give Jove at length to feel—
Must she thus humble to each upstart kneel ?
Why did Cybele a superior bear,
And why of honour mine so small a share ?
What heavy pressures do I not sustain ?
What means are wanting to procure my pain ?
Here on the mount must poor Prometheus stay,
His vitals doom'd an everlasting prey ;
There Atlas groans beneath the pond'rous spheres,
While icicles depend around his ears :
Why should I Tityus name, whose growing heart
Matter administers for endless smart ?

But you at length avenge my wrongs in fight,
Rescue the Titans and a parent's right :
You want not fatal instruments of war,
Mountains and rocks your mother's members tear ;
Herself an instrument would gladly be,
To prove the downfal of this tyranny.
Undaunted then, my dear avengers, rise,
And humble yon proud turrets of the skies.

How rich the spoils !—Typhæus must prepare
To launch the thunder, and the sceptre bear ;
Encelladus must o'er the sea preside ;
Aurora's chariot let some other guide ;
While thou, Porphyron, shalt thy temples grace
With Delphic wreathes, and take Apollo's place.

Thus sooth'd the dame her sons with idle dreams,
To them all heaven above at mercy seems,
And Neptune dragg'd indignant from his streams : }
This thinks he makes the potent Mars his prey,
That robs poor captive Phœbus of his ray ;
With Cytherea one his fancy warms,
Another clasps Diana in his arms, }
Or vows to violate the chaste Minerva's charms. }

Meanwhile th' immortal powers convene above,
From streams and lakes solicitous they move,
The very distant mains bring forth their aid ;
Queen Proserpine forsakes the Stygian shade,
And Pluto, monarch of the silent night,
Directs his horses to the realms of light :
His horses wildly wonder at the day,
And, while they panting strain up the steep way, }
Thick clouds of darkness round their nostrils play. }

As when a town dreads some vast engine's power,
All flock promiscuous to defend the tower ;
Just so the gods of every station ran,
To guard the throne of Jove, who thus began.---

Immortal powers, above the reach of fate,
(And well ye merit that immortal state)
See Terra's new-born sons, a numerous train,
Advance to terminate the heavenly reign ;
But give her pride those sons extinct to mourn,
And into trouble all her transport turn.

Now was the signal given on either side,
A rattling shower the trumpet's sound supply'd ;
Nature quak'd for her Lord ; the powerful crew
All things into a second chaos threw :
Islands are forc'd up from the foaming main,
Beneath the water skulk the rocks in vain ;
Where seas late roll'd, is now a naked shore,
And streams now run where steams ne'er ran before,
Whirl'd with vast force here Octe clouds the sky,
There swings Pangaum, just prepar'd to fly ;
This Ossa from its firm foundation tears,
That Rhodope with Heber's fountain rears ;
A third Olimpus to his shoulder heaves,
Enipeus down his back impetuous hurls its waves ;

The earth becomes a level boundless plain,
In airy regions wild disorders reign,
And harsh ungrateful crashes shock the brain.

First driven with active rage, the god of war
Against the horrid foe impels his car ;
The shield glares dreadful in each hostile face,
The waving plumes his glittering helmet grace :
Down comes his sword across Pelorus' groin,
Just where two snakes his ugly bowels join ;
With such a dexterous force he gave the wound,
Three worthless lives a worthy period found :
Triumphant o'er the yielding corpse he rode,
And spotted all his car with spouting blood.

Then Mimas, furious at his brother's fate,
Rais'd up all Lemnus's unwieldy weight :
All Lemnus, charg'd with Vulcan's forge, had flown,
But Mars's spear fell heavy on his crown ;
The batter'd brains his widening jaws discharge,
And every lifeless limb drops down, and lies at large :
Not so the snakes—they still remain secure ;
Still hiss his snakes, still scorn the victor's power.

Now, with a warlike grace, the warrior-maid
Stepp'd forth ; her shield the Gorgon's face display'd :

Her shield alone (sufficient arms) she bore ;
Who sees it once is doom'd to see no more.
And Pallas first the fatal object saw ;
His curdling blood thro' each cold vein crept slow :
What means this lazy lethargy, he cry'd,
Why stand I like some marble statue ty'd ?
But said no more—the gift of speech was gone,
His every faculty lay lost in stone ;
And, as Damastor sought some rock to throw,
By sad mistake he whirl'd him at the foe.

Echion, wond'ring at his brother's change,
And ignorant of its author, vows revenge ;
But vows in vain ;—the Gorgon meets his eyes,
He owns Minerva's matchless force, and dies.

Palleneus then advances in a rage,
With eyes averse the goddess to engage ;
The goddess grasps her sword, and gives a blow,
The monster falling, loads the plain below ;
His gazing snakes meanwhile congeal to stone :
Thus part by weapon falls, and part by looking on.

But, see ! Porphyrion midst the deep essays
The trembling Delos from its root to raise :
Ægeus quakes ; from watery caves retire
Affrighted Thetis and her hoary sire ;

Neptune's late crowded palace is become
An empty, silent, solitary dome ;
The nymphs on Cynthus' summits fill the skies
With sad complaints, and pity-moving cries :
(The nymphs that careful did a couch compose,
When fair Latona felt a parent's throes,
That taught young Phœbus how to throw the dart,
With all the secrets of the sylvan art,)
Distressful Delos begs her Pean's aid,
“ If in my lap thy infant limbs were laid—
“ O help !—again I move—

[The rest wanting in the original.]

HORACE,

BOOK III. ODE XXI.

THOU cask, that life with me didst share,
When Manlius fill'd the consul's chair,
Whether thy lovely circle keep
Laughter or strife, or love or sleep,
Whatever be thy freight, descend,
Corvinus bids thee, worthiest friend,

Proud to be mov'd in such an hour,
Descend, and mildest massic pour :
He, tho' with arts Socratic blest,
Will not severe thy fruits detest ;
Old Cato's self would oft resign
His roughness, warm'd with generous wine.
'Tis thine to use a gentle power,
To smooth the wrinkles of the sour ;
To thee their cares the wise impart,
And open all the hidden heart ;
Hope to the anxious thou canst give,
And bid the poor in plenty live :
They heed not, when thy liquor warms,
The prince's frown, or soldier's arms.
Venus, if here she deign to be,
The god of wine, the graces three,
And lamps shall lengthen out thy stream,
Till fly the stars the rising beam.



HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE VII.

IN THE
CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

THE snow has left the fells and fled,
Their tops i' green the trees hev' cled ;
The grund wi' sindry flowers is sown,
And to their stint the becks are fawn ;
Nor fear the nymphs and graces mair
To dance it in the meadows bare.
The year, 'at slips sae fast away,
Whispers we mun not think to stay :
The spring suin thows the winter frost,
To meet the spring does simmer post ;
Frae simmer autumn cleeks the hauld,
And back at yence is winter cauld.
Yit muins off-hand meake up their loss ;
But suin as we the watter cross,

To Tullus great, Æneas guid,
We're dust and shadows wuthout bluid.
And whae, Torquatus, can be sworn,
'At thame abuin 'ill grant to-mworn ?
Leeve than ; what's war't i' murry chear,
Frae thankless heirs is gitten clear.
When death, my friend, yence ligs you fast,
And Mimus just your duim has past,
Your reace, and wit, and worth 'ill mak
But a peer shift to bring you back.
Diana (she's a goddess tee)
Gets not Hippolytus set free ;
And, Theseus, aw that strength o' thine
Can never brek Pirithon's chyne.

FROM BOETIUS,

WHO ne'er dejected, ne'er elate,
Even alike in ev'ry state,
Can with a brave and stedfast soul
The fierce assaults of Fate controul,
Him move no terrors of the main,
Tormented and o'erturnd in vain ;

No fires that from Vesuvius roll
In dreadful volumes to the poll ;
No flaming thunderbolts that hide
In dust the lofty turret's pride.
Why does the tyrant's fuming rage
The wretch's wonder thus engage ?
Wild passions from thy soul be rent,
And all that rage is idly spent ;
But who admits or hope or fear,
Not firm or resolute to bear,
Has thrown away his shield, gives ground,
And is an easy captive found.

QUIET LIFE.

FROM MARTIAL.

MIGHT I permitted be to spend
My days securely with my friend ;
Our lives at pleasure might we lead,
And be allow'd to live indeed ;
Far would we keep from hurry, far
From the harsh wranglings of the bar ;

Far from the treach'rous palace-gate,
And all the shewy toils of state.
To entertaining books and talk,
The pleasant ride, the peaceful walk,
The bath, the portico, the shade,
Our time, as due, should all be paid.
Now to himself—ah ! neither lives,
But suns asliding down perceives ;
Suns which no more he must survey—
Know we to live, and do we stay ?

TRUE HAPPINESS.

FROM APOLLODORUS.

AND is this it ?—sure nothing less—
Is this, my friend, true happiness ?
The diamond's sparkle to behold,
To drink in glowing cups of gold,
To sink to rest in beds of down,
Thy board with dainty meats to crown,

In barns capacious to contain
The plenteous crops of Lybia's plain ?
True happiness is this,—To fear
No threat'ning look of danger near,
To heed the mob's nor love nor hate,
And not to start at coming fate.
This will a genuine bliss secure,
In spite of Fortune and her power.

PYTHAGORAS'S
GOLDEN VERSES.

THE gods first worship, as enjoin'd by law,
An oath regarding with religious awe ;
The heroes then and Stygian powers allow
Their proper homage and the honours due,
And pay just def'rence to a parent's name,
Nor want thy relatives the right they claim :
Civility belongs to all the rest,—
Be intimate with none except the best.
To gentle words and acts obliging bend,
Nor for a little failing hate thy friend,

As far as possible, for power, we see,
Is a near neighbour to necessity.
These be thy care, and still beneath thee keep
Anger, and appetite, and lust, and sleep.
No base thing dare, nor when another's near,
Nor when alone—but most thyself revere.
Then justice exercise in word and deed,
And act in all affairs with utmost heed.
But know that every one is doom'd to die,
And riches favour some, from others fly.
Whatever share of human ills be thine,
Bear it with resignation, nor repine :
Yet ease them, if thou canst ; but keep in mind,
That fate to good men has but few assign'd.
Reports of various kinds are apt to stray ;
But let not these divert thee from thy way :
The slanders that malicious tongues may feign
Hear unconcern'd, nor let them give thee pain.
And be these following precepts all thy care :
Let none by courteous deeds, or speeches fair,
Ever prevail with thee to do or say
What thine own interest offers to betray :
Consider ere thou actest, and be cool ;
An inconsiderate action speaks a fool ;

And every thing with apprehension leave,
That may hereafter give thee cause to grieve.
Do nought in ign'rance ; but what's needful know ;
So shall thy life in happiest tenour flow.
Let health be valu'd as a real good,
And use a mean in exercise and food :
(What gives no future grief I call a mean)
Nor chuse a costly diet, but a clean.
Of acts, that envy may create, beware ;
Nor spend too freely, nor too frugal spare.
Keep always to a mean—extremes offend—
Act circumspectly, and regard the end :
Nor close thine eyes, till thrice, with strict survey,
Thou look'st o'er all the actions of the day.
Into what follies have I heedless run ?
What duties have I not, what have I done ?
Beginning at the first, in order move ;
The bad impartial blame, the good approve.
Let these thy meditations all employ ;
Be these thy labour, and be these thy joy ;
For these to Virtue's paths thy steps will bring,
By Him who gives our life fresh nature's fourfold spring.
But first to heaven apply for aid divine,
Then execute with courage thy design.

These precepts well observe, and thou shalt know
The state of things above, and things below ;
Shalt know, as far as suits with human art,
Nature is uniform thro' ev'ry part :
That no false hopes may pass with thee for true,
Nor any secret thing escape thy view,
Shalt know that men misfortunes oft demand,
Hapless, who see not good when close at hand !
And few know evils or to ease or fly,
So thick the cloud that hangs o'er Reason's eye.
Like cylinders we roll, and never stay,
Meeting with many a hind'rance in our way :
For strife unseen attacks us, ever nigh,
Born with us, which we should not dare, but fly.
Thou should'st, O Jove ! or lessen human woe,
Or every one his fate before-hand shew !
But thou have hopes, since man's of heav'nly line,
Whom Nature shews whatever is divine ;
Of which, if ought be thine, thou wilt retain
These precepts, and thy soul secure from pain :
The delicacies we forbade, refuse,
And great exactness at lustration use ;
Delib'rate cautiously in each affair,
The reins committing still to Reason's care ;

And if to heaven releas'd thy soul shall soar,
A God thou shalt become—a mortal man no more.

SENECA,

AN EXILE IN CORSICA.

THE barb'rous Cors'can rocks prerupt surround
An horrid, wild, uncomfortable ground :
No fruits in autumn, flow'rs in summer bloom ;
No gifts of Pallas glad in winter's gloom ;
In spring, no sweet vicissitude is seen ;
No tree nor turf adorn'd with lovely green ;
Nor grain, nor drop, nor spark, these scenes present,
Nor ought but banish'd men, and banishment.

FROM MARTIAL.

THESE earthly happiness complete :
A snug hereditary seat ;
Fields free to give what ease requires ;
Hearths ever warm'd with heartsome fires ;

Calm quietness from clamour loud ;
No business with the peevish proud ;
A vigour active, yet refin'd ;
Simplicity with prudence join'd ;
Sweet converse seasoning wholesome fare ;
Evenings without excess or care ;
Short nights, by unsought slumber blest ;
And, what gives relish to the rest,
An easy acquiescent mind,
To the wise will of heaven resign'd.



FROM SENECA.

TAKE his dizzy stand that will
On the top of Fortune's hill ;
Mine a softer pleasure know
In the humble vale below.
There, beneath the shady trees,
Let me steal a grateful ease,
Free from all the storms that beat
On the grandeur of the great :
And when calm my days have flown,
To the vulgar little known,

Let me chearful quit the stage,
Crown'd with virtue and with age,
Hapless he, when death appears,
In a crowd that wastes his years ;
That grows free with all the rest,
But estrang'd to his own breast.

The 19th Idyllium of Theocritus.

ATTEMPTED IN THE
CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

A time as Cupy, sweet tuith'd fairy !
A hive, owr ventersome, wad harry ;
A bee was nettl'd at the wrang,
And gave his hand a despert stang.
It stound it sare, and sare it swell'd,
He puft, and stampt, and flang, and yell'd ;
Then away full drive to mammy scowr't,
And held her't up, to blow't and cure't,

Wondren saē feckless-like a varment
Cud have sae fearfu' mikle harm in't.

She smurk'd—and, pra'tha, says his mudder,
Is not lile Cupy seck anudder ?
Just seck anudder varment's he ;
A feckless-like—but fearfu' bee.

DE PAULO CANENTE.

BALTHASARIS CASTILIONIS MANTUANI POEMA.

*DULCIA dum pulcher modulatur carmina Paulus,
Demulcet colles et mea Roma, tuos,
Adcurrere simul dryades, faunique bicornes,
Ora immota truces et tenuere ferae.
Tibris arundineo glaucum caput extulit alveo,
Et stupefacta novo restitit unda sono.
Tum vocem numerumque, inquit, miratus Apollo ;
Orpheus Elysia valle meus rediit :*

*Sed faciem ut vidit pueri, sacrumque decorem,
Certe ait hic proles est, Cytherea, tuus.
Saeve puer, tentas me vincere voce lyraque
An viciisse arcu est gloria visa levis?*

TRANSLATION.

While lovely Paulus chaunts his charming lays,
And sporting Echo with the music plays,
Around the dryads and the fawns appear,
The savage wild-beasts soften as they hear ;
Old Tiber rears him from the ooze below,
And, in attention lost, the streams forget to flow :
Apollo hearing, wonder'd at the strain,
And thought his Orpheus was return'd again ;
But when his heavenly face and mien he spy'd,
Ah, cruel !—no, 'tis Venus' son, he cry'd :
Was't not enough the archer to outdo,—
What ! will he challenge the musician too ?

~~~~~

## THE STORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE,

*From the 4th Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

---

YOUNG PYRAMUS and THISBE (loveliest he  
Of Eastern youths, of maidens fairest she),  
Had houses joining in that stately town  
Whose walls Semiramis their foundress own ;  
Neighbourhood acquaintance bred ; acquaintance fast  
Grew up to friendship, and to love at last :  
Love had been happy in the nuptial band ;  
But friends withheld, what friends could not withstand.  
An equal warmth each gave, and each return'd,  
Burnt fiercely both, but both in secret burn'd :  
The use of words their parents stern deny ;  
But what the tongue's forbidden, speaks the eye.  
Ah ! what avails it passion to disguise ;  
Love's fires, the more conceal'd, the fiercer rise !  
In the partition-wall a crack had been,  
Some way occasion'd when the work was green ;

So small, for ages it was never ey'd,  
Which yet (what spys not love?) the lovers spy'd,  
And in the cranny found a secret way  
Their minds in dying murmurs to convey.  
Oft at their station, as they stood and try'd  
Fondly to catch the breath each other sigh'd,  
Ill-natur'd wall ! complain'd they, thus to part  
In body lovers that are one in heart :  
What were it, should'st thou suffer an embrace,  
At least a kiss or two is no such grace :  
And yet ungrateful we are not, but know  
To whom this easing intercourse we owe.  
In unavailing plaints the day thus past,  
Farewel, with much ado, they said at last,  
And kisses to the parting wall apply'd,  
Kisses that on the marble useless dy'd.

Aurora now had chas'd the stars away,  
And the cool dews exhal'd the rising ray ;  
To the known place return the faithful two,  
And all their former fond complaints renew.  
Their parents then they purpose to deceive,  
To leave their homes by night, the town to leave ;  
And, lest they wander blindly in the gloom,  
Their interview appoint at Ninus' tomb ;

Where, near a spring, a spreading mulberry rose,  
Clad with fair fruit that match'd the falling snows.  
The assignation like—impatient they  
Long for the night, and chide the ling'ring day.  
'Tis silence all at length ; with wary pace  
Thisbe the door soft opens, veils her face,  
Hies through the dark, and seats her in the shade—  
What dares not, urg'd by love, the tim'rous maid ?  
When, lo ! a lioness approaches near,  
Fresh from the slaughter of a lowing steer,  
And to the brook directly points her way,  
Her thirst by blood excited to allay ;  
Which by the moon as Thisbe chanc'd to view,  
Wing'd with her fear, the trembling virgin flew,  
And in a cave th' impending fate declin'd,  
But left, unhappily, her veil behind.  
The savage having slak'd her burning pain,  
And to the forest speeding cross the plain,  
The garment found, and vext to find no more,  
With bloody jaws the lifeless prey she tore,  
And left it all besmear'd with dust and gore. }  
When Pyramus, detain'd by stricter spies,  
Now late the tomb approach'd, and cast his eyes

On the fair prints of savage feet, all pale  
His visage grew, but when he saw the veil—  
Yes, two, he cry'd, one night shall give to fate ;  
But, oh ! her life deserv'd a longer date :  
Mine is the guilt, poor Thisbe I betray'd,  
Who bade her helpless tempt the nightly shade,  
And did not tempt it first to guard my fair.  
Hither, O all ye bloody race, repair !  
Mangle these limbs, and rend this cruel heart !  
But death to wish for is a coward's part.  
Then to th' appointed tree the veil he bore,  
Bath'd it in tears, and kiss'd it o'er and o'er :  
And deeper yet, he cries, thy stain be made,  
And instant in his bosom sheath'd the blade.  
Scarce strength to draw it out his hands supply,  
Backward he falls, and spouts the blood on high ;  
So when a conduit-pipe receives a flaw,  
Out burst the hissing waters in a bow ;  
Spreading and spreading through the skies they pour,  
And fall at last a widely trickling shower.  
The berries, sprinkl'd with the purple dew,  
Forget their white, and take a reddish hue ;  
And the roots moist'ned with the gore supply  
To every future charge the different dye.

The damsel, lest he might suspect her truth,  
Returns all fearful yet to seek the youth,  
Longing his Thisbe's fright to let him hear,  
And paint the beast how ghastly and how near.  
The tree she reach'd ; but doubted when she saw  
The tinctur'd fruit, if 'twere the tree or no ;  
Till soon her eye, as in suspense she stood,  
Dropt on a body flack'ring in its blood :



She shrunk, grew pale, and trembling like the main,  
When a light breeze disturbs the liquid plain.  
But now her nearer looks her love declare ;  
She beats her lovely breast, she tears her hair ;  
She kneels, and round the body throws her arms,  
Bathes it in tears, and with embraces warms :

But freezing all in death the limbs she found :  
My Pyramus ! she cry'd, ah whence this wound !  
My Pyramus !—O hear ! 'tis I request,  
Thy own dear Thisbe !—speak, or look at least !  
At Thisbe's name he lifts his loaden eyes,  
Dwells on her charms a moment, closes them, and dies.

The story now, alas ! appears too well,  
The veil and sword the mournful story tell :  
Yes, thy own hand has given the blow, she cry'd,  
And to that hand the motive love supply'd !  
I too, poor trembling I, dare such a feat ;  
My valour's little, but my passion's great :  
Yes, the dear youth his Thisbe will attend,  
The cause at once and partner of his end !  
Death only could divide thee from my heart ;  
But 'tis resolv'd not death itself shall part.

Now both our fathers (ah, no fathers soon !)  
Hear us, and envy not so small a boon ;  
Vouchsafe one grave, nor part those after death  
Whom love has join'd, and whom their latest breath.  
And thou, O tree ! whose kindly spreading bough  
Covers one corpse, and soon must cover two,  
Still fresh the marks of slaughter thus retain,  
Still mourn thy fruit an hapless couple slain.

She said, and to her breast the sword apply'd,  
Press'd the deep-piercing point, sunk by her lord,  
and dy'd.

Nor more their wishes unavailing sue ;  
The gods attend, attend their parents too ;  
To a dark red the ripening berries turn,  
And sleep their ashes in a common urn.

---

## EPITAPH ON PARIS.

---

*FROM MARTIAL.*

---

A Moment, traveller, fix thine eye,  
Nor pass so fam'd a marble by ;  
The mirth of Rome, of Nile the wit,  
The pride, the pleasure of the pit,  
The joy and grief of human eyes  
Lye bury'd here, where PARIS lies.

---

---

~~~~~

SIR THOMAS MORE.

*F*LERES si scires unum tua tempora mensem ;
Rides, cum fuerint forsitan una dies.

~~~~~

### ENGLISHED THUS.

---

Wretch ! man would cry,  
If sure to die  
Before a month is past ;  
Yet laughs away  
This poor short day,  
Which is perhaps his last.



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*HORACE,*

BOOK I. ODE VIII.

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imitated in the

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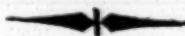
**CUMBERLAND DIALECT.**

It's wrang indeed now, Jenny, white,  
To spoil a lad sae rare ;  
The gams 'at yence were his delyte,  
Peer Jacky minds nae mair.

Nae mair he cracks the leave o' th' green,  
The cleverest far abuin ;  
But lakes at wait-nae-whats wuthin  
Aw Sunday efternuin.

Nae mair i' th' nights thro' woods he leads,  
To trace the wand'rin brock ;  
But sits i' th' nuik, and nought else heeds,  
But Jenny and her rock.

Thus Herculus, 'at (ballats say)  
Meade parlish monsters stoop,  
Flang his great mikel club away,  
And tuik a spinnel up.



IN IMITATION OF

*H O R A C E,*

BOOK IV. ODE X.

---

O THINK, my too, too cruel fair !  
Old age those beauties will impair ;  
A few short pleasing triumphs past,  
Themselves shall fall a prey at last :  
That cheek, where fairest red and white,  
The lily and the rose unite,  
That cheek its every charm shall lose,  
Like a brown leaf at autumn's close.  
Then shall the glass thy change betray,  
Then shalt thou fetch a sigh, and say,  
Why came not these kind thoughts before,  
Or why return my charms no more ?

---

~~~~~

HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE VIII.

—•—
imitated in the

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IN IMITATION OF

H O R A C E,

BOOK I. ODE XXVII.

SIT down—'tis a scandal for Christians to fight ;
See how the wine blushes, asham'd at the sight !
Come lay by your logic, let each take his glass,
In vino (the proverb affirms) *veritas.*

Is mine the first bumper ?—then, Damon, your toast ;
Say what pretty charmer your soul has engross'd :
What a-deuce, do you scruple ?—unless you'll comply,
I'll not touch a drop on't, no, marry, not I.

Make haste then—good God ! is it she ? O the queen !
A pert little tyrant as ever was seen !
What magic can loose thee ?—Alas ! thou must hope
No freedom from chains, till releas'd—by a rope !

.....

~~~~~

IN IMITATION OF

*H O R A C E,*

BOOK I. ODE XI.

---

PR'YTHEE, Damon, don't molest  
With futurity thy breast ;  
Has not present life enough  
Cares and toils to struggle through ?

Fortune-tellers never mind,  
Fortune-tellers all are blind ;  
Or, suppose they could foresee,  
Pray what better would one be ?

If great blessings must ensue,  
Life is dull and tedious now ;  
And if troubles must befall,  
Present joys are worthless all.

Lay those anxious thoughts aside,  
Take now what the gods provide ;  
Now, for, trust me, though not dumb,  
There's no trusting what's to come.



IN IMITATION OF

## *PSALM CXXXI.*

---

**C**ONTENTED with the part assign'd,  
No envious thoughts disturb my mind ;  
The province given I tend with care,  
And aim at nought beyond my sphere.

Disdainful glance I never throw  
On any God has plac'd below ;  
Nor add affliction to the poor,  
Afflicted too, too much before.

My soul an even surface keeps,  
In silence ev'ry passion sleeps ;

Each fond desire I calm to rest,  
Like a young babe forbid the breast.

Henceforth let all, in every case,  
Their trust in great JEHOVAH place ;  
Whatever portion he decrees,  
Our God can make that portion please.



IN IMITATION OF

### *PSALM CXXIII.*

---

To thee, who sit'st enthron'd on high,  
In mercy as in might supreme,  
To thee I raise my wishful eye,  
And wait thy warm indulgent beam.

Thus looks a servant that's sincere,  
Thus fix'd attends his master's face ;  
Blest, if approving smiles appear,  
And wretched, if he reads disgrace.

O God ! 'tis hard, 'tis wond'rous hard,  
To bear the great one's less'ning look ;  
But, gracious ! give me thy regard,  
And human scorn with ease I brook.



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**EPISTLES.**

---

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## A

## BURLESQUE EPISTLE

TO

*MR. JOHN COWPER.*

---

DEAR COWPER,

WHAT can a body get to do  
These winter evenings?—What get you?  
I can no longer bear to stoop,  
And take the tumbling spinnels up;  
Nor listen to each frightful story—  
E'en yet pale spectres stalk before me.  
Some new diversions I've been trying:  
Before the fire our dog was lying;  
“Isp, Coley, Coley;”—Coley rose,  
I slyly spat upon his nose;  
And when he drew the spittle in,  
Chuck went my hand beneath his chin,  
And the poor fellow bit his tongue:  
But this diversion held not long;

'Twas barbarous to use Coley thus,  
I therefore fell to play with puss.  
My handkerchief hang dangling down ;  
The sportive monkey spy'd it soon,  
And strove to take it with her paw ;  
But I contriv'd the motion so,  
That still in vain she strove to take it,  
Till my tir'd arm no more could shake it ;  
When I, alas ! was forc'd to fail,  
And puss to play with her own tail.  
Then from my knee I pull'd my garter,  
And with the most amazing art, Sir,  
I ty'd strange knots, which seem'd to stay,  
But fell insensibly away ;  
Till, O unhappy chance ! at last  
I ty'd a gordian-knot so fast ;  
It must continue till some bully  
Like Alexander draw his gully.

---

TO THE

*Printer of the Kendal Courant.*

---

IF, my dear friend, you ever aim  
That Kendal match Newcastle's fame,  
And Cotton White's in printing news,  
Then take advices from the muse ;  
Advices more material, better,  
Than ought in EVENING-POST or LETTER :  
Those only serve a single day ;  
But these for ever and for aye.

Well then—in your COURANT, my friend,  
Propose a poet's honest end,  
Which, as yourself in Horace may see,  
Is *delectare et prodesse* :  
And when you've got the gaol in view,  
Mindless of road, march boldly through,  
O'er hedge and ditch directly to't ;  
The road of truth is round about.  
What ! counsel folks from truth to swerve ?  
Yes, honest Cotton, lye—or starve.

In this too pattern take from poets ;  
Be your theme vary'd, as you know it's  
In Pope, Steel, Prior, and, beside, in  
The miscellaneous works of Dryden.

Let a fine preface lead the way ;  
There suit the grave, or please the gay,  
With Addison's instructive strain,  
Or Swift's satyric, hum'rous vein ;  
Or, would you every heart engage,  
Let S——d's lines adorn the page.  
Next place a song, a gentle air,  
To speak the lover's pleasing care ;  
Or catch, in brisker measures to tell  
The sprightly joys of friend and bottle.

Then to heroics raise the stile ;  
Put bustling Europe in a broil ;  
Make French, Dutch, Spaniards, Germans, battle,  
Guns flash, swords clash, and cannons rattle ;  
Till Britain's king bid discord cease,  
And frown the tumult into peace.

A pastoral should follow these ;  
Shew us the price of beans and pease,  
Of oats, of wheat, of rye, of barley,  
And if the season's late or early.

(But, by the by, be sure ne'er smatter  
In politics and party satyr ;  
No, ne'er turn factious, snarling dog,  
Warn'd by the fate of Mist and Fog.)

Now some sad elegy present ;  
A death or dismal accident  
In sweetly-sorrowing lines relate—  
Oh hapless, hapless human state !

Lastly, dear Cotton (to conclude,  
And send us off in merry mood),  
Some entertaining tale devise ;  
Examples plenty meet your eyes  
In authors mention'd hard before,  
As Ladle, Miller, forty more ;—  
Or tell us such (for faith they look well)  
As once you told of Mouse and Cockle.

Then while (if poets can divine,  
And if a poet's name be mine),  
While politicians shall peruse,  
With dram or penny-pot, the news,  
So long shall all of Cotton tell,  
The man who wrote COURANTS so well.

---



AN

## EPISTLE TO MR. —,

ON HIS RETURN FROM

## GLASGOW COLLEGE.

—♦—

IN IMITATION OF  
*HORACE, BOOK II. ODE VII.*

O FAR my best and dearest friend,  
Brought with me oft to thy wit's end  
Beneath our late commander Y—s,  
And art thou safe?—how kind the fates!  
With thee the tedious summer day  
I've short'ned many a time with play;  
And many a time the winter night  
Have quicken'd in its tardy flight.  
Together, in pursuit of knowledge,  
We trudg'd as far as Glasgow College;  
Together, tir'd with logic frays,  
We threw down arms and march'd our ways.  
Me with officious hand convey'd  
The muse to Sebergham's peaceful shade;

Thee, hapless friend ! thy cruel star  
Hurry'd again to scenes of war :  
But safe at last, thy weary brain  
Enliven with a merry strain ;  
Smooth thy sad brows into a smile,  
And with a glass thy cares beguile.  
See how it laughs !—the liquor !—see !  
O'erjoy'd at thy return—like me.  
Spare not what was design'd thee—come—  
A thousand times thou'rt welcome home !  
Sobriety must bid adieu ;  
There's no avoiding madness now :  
Ye gods, indulge me in a grain,  
I've got my friend safe home again !

---

TO THE REV. ——,

*ON HIS VISITING A SICK PERSON, 1729.*

---

THIS life, oppress'd with grief and care,  
The joys of Heaven so well you paint,  
You seem no mortal trav'ling here,  
But rather some returning saint.

---

Now Death, that king of terrors, wears  
A look so mild, I could resign  
The pleasing joys of youthful years,  
To make the poor man's sickness mine.

Each countenance now cheerful grows ;  
If yet some marks of grief we find,  
'Tis not that their relation goes,  
But that they're forc'd to stay behind.

---

*A Burlesque Epistle to Mr. —*

---

DEAR G—,

IN studious sort I'm set here,  
To pen a grave poetic letter ;  
There lies my paper ready folded,  
My pen is full, and here I hold it :  
—You wonder then what makes me stay ?  
Why, Sir, I know not what to say.  
—Oh !—first your pardon I must seek ;  
I own I should have writ last week ;

And would, but for a private reason,  
Which shall be told at proper season.  
So, Sir, impute not this neglect  
To any want of due respect ;  
Nor think I ever could transgress  
Through business or forgetfulness :  
Forget thee, G— !—by Jove I'll not !  
Sooner shall Laura be forgot ;  
Sooner shall you affect to wear  
A saucy, sour, ill-natur'd air ;  
Sooner shall Celia slip occasions  
Of reck'ning up her rich relations ;  
Sooner (to sum up all the matter  
In two th' unlikeliest things in nature)  
Sooner shall K—n despair  
While I am the favourite of the fair.

Thus far I've got with much ado  
(Yourself can best determine how) ;  
What else to say, I know no more  
Than does of Babylon the wh—  
Deed, G—, I'm done, confounded quite—  
Dear Phœbus, help me to indite,  
Or I shall cut the table through,  
And spoil my new sharp'd pen-knife too.

---

He comes ! he comes ! (you think I jest,  
Why, Sir, I feel him in my breast) ;  
Ten thousand thoughts possess my brain,  
All thoughts of true poetic strain ;  
So fast they struggle to get out,  
They'll choak the passage, faith, I doubt :  
Yes ! what I fear'd is come to pass,  
All my fine thoughts are stopt, alas !  
Not one word more I can say to you,  
So fare you well, and God be wi' you.

---

*An Epistle to Mr. Cowper,*  
AT PENRITH.

---

WELL, honest gossip, are you gaily ?  
What uncouths from *festum lustrale* ?  
Was Commother a canny lass ?  
I hope you let no duties pass.  
The dinner too—what doings there ?  
Come, give us in a bill of fare :  
I'll warrant as sumptuous it has been as  
The fam'd supper of Nasidienus,

'Bout which friend Horace and another  
(What is't they call him ?) make such potter.  
In equal lays then be it dress'd ;  
Say, how was seated every guest ;  
What dainty dishes grac'd the board ;  
What hearty welcomes look'd its lord ;  
How fresh and brisk and good the beer,  
And what strong ale brought up the rear.

Your poem thus drawn to a stop,  
Clap on a kind address at top ;  
At bottom protestation fervent ;  
Then close and send it to your servant—

---

*An Epistle to Captain Crosby,*

AT CARLISLE.

---

DEAR SIR,

THESE homely lines are sent  
To say how much we all lament  
Since our once happy shades you left—  
Of all their comfort now bereft.  
Great want our sires and dames express,  
Great want—and how should it be less ?

No more their little lambs must play,  
To bloody foxes doom'd a prey ;  
Their geese, ere Christmas comes, must fall :  
Ah, now no Christmas comes at all !

And much the lads thy loss deplore ;  
Call'd by the grateful change, no more  
They quit the dusty, joyless mows,  
Forgetful of their cares—and shoes,  
Through thick and thin to scour away :  
—What ! now thrash every, every day !

Heartless the lasses now are seen,  
And dull—and almost in the spleen.  
At church no more they steal a look  
So slily from behind the book,  
To view thy gay, thy lively airs ;  
They've nought to mind now—but their prayers.

But the poor muse she suffers most :  
Good sense and wit and humour lost,  
From human converse far she flies  
(All now impertinence and noise),  
Still in the lonely vale or grove ;  
—Out of her senses, or in love.

---

~~~~~

An Epistle to Mr. —,

AT OXFORD.

WHEN country beaus, at some great fair,
Strut up the street with clumsy air,
What peals of laughter fill the shops,
Rais'd by the more fashionable fops :
So fares it with my rustic strain,
(Though prais'd by critics of the plain)
When I, rough bard ! to OXFORD write,
The seat of muses more polite :
But if, my friend, I pleasure you,
'Tis not a farthing matter how.
Say, shall I draw some rural scene,
A shady grove, a verdant green ;
Or shew how sweet the thrushes sing,
Or speak the bubbling of a spring ?
Or I shall tell (if you think meet)
How snug I live in this retreat ;
How close I conjure ev'ry care,
Without a wish—I wish I were—

Ah me ! 'tis all an empty boast !
There's one—I find it to my cost—
There's one rebellious wish in arms,
In spite of verse and all its charms.

Thrice happy, who, by Isis' stream,
Enjoys the muses—in a dream ;
In classic grottoes melts away
In visions of poetic day.

Oh ! waft me, gentle gale of air !
Oh ! quickly, quickly waft me there,
And place me underneath the shade
Where ADDISON and TICKEL laid !
Nay, though I'm penn'd in garret vile,
Though duns be rapping all the while ;
E'en though without (which still is worse)
One splendid shilling in my purse :
All this I willingly could bear—
'Tis nothing all—since thou art there.

Vide sed incultus—

Hei mihi quod Domino non licet ire tuo.



~~~~~

*ANOTHER EPISTLE TO THE SAME.*

---

DEAR Sir, you waste your sacred breath ;  
You cannot, cannot for your teeth,  
Make out that much mistaken thesis,  
*The nine have left the banks of Isis.*  
Your arguments, I own, have vigour  
Of true poetic mood and figure ;  
But who such arguments can use  
Without the presence of the muse ?  
In truth, my friend, the more you say  
It more convinces—t'other way.

“ What, not left Isis ! (you object)  
After Smiglecius and his sect  
Had been so impudent and rough,  
How durst thy tarry ?”—Well enough ;  
For Sol, descending to assist,  
From 'foresaid river rais'd a mist ;  
This thick as night his godship threw  
Around the lustful logic crew,  
Who, marching, grope and grope their way,  
As blind as owls in blaze of day.

---

Meanwhile the muses, unmolested,  
(With airy substances invested,  
To keep from common view secure),  
Still sport and frolic as before :  
In short, if longer you resist,  
You're blinded by a logic mist.

---

TO THE REV. MR. —

---

DEAR GEORGE,

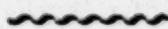
COULD I but write epistle  
With as much ease as some folks whistle ;  
Or, if my similes would flow  
As fast as those of—you know who ;  
I'd scribble, scribble, scribble verse,  
Till paper, pen, and ink grew scarce :  
Nay, if a serious, musing thought  
With head reclin'd would help me ought,  
Or swift reiterated walk,  
Or frequent solitary talk,  
Or scratching head or biting nail ;  
If these would any thing avail,

Believe me, Sir, I would not spare  
My feet, nails, tongue, my brain or hair :  
But though I muse, walk, talk, scratch, bite,  
I cannot, cannot, cannot write :  
All once successful methods fail—  
I wonder what the duce I ail !



— AH MISER !

*QUANTA LABORAS IN CHARYBDI.*



### TO MR. COWPER, IN LOVE.

Y es, to be sure, that pretty she  
Is fair—as what ?—As fair as can be :  
Her eyes (from which good angels keep us !)  
Are like to put out those of Phœbus ;  
Her brows above exactly shew  
The force of Cupid's bended bow ;  
Her nose is cruel as his dart,  
The bane of many a peaceful heart !  
Her cheeks—in vain !—no tongue can speak  
The beauties of her blooming cheek ;

Who never saw th' orig'nal, those  
May view the copy in a rose :  
On teeth and lips, on neck and breast,  
There is no time for me to rest ;  
The reader I refer to any  
Poetical, good miscellany.

And dost thou then, once happy COWPER—  
But hapless now—set by thy supper ?  
And oft for day through curtains peep,  
Or tell thy passion when asleep ?  
Dost thou look sullen out of measure,  
As ghosts depriv'd of dear lov'd treasure ?  
Talk seldom, and with little sense,  
Esteeming all impertinence ?  
Say, does there oft a tempest rise  
(Made up of many deep-fetch'd sighs),  
Whereby each weathercock and sign,  
Like hogs when Boreas blusters, whine ?  
And do the streams that wash S—dg—  
Sometimes o'erflow their banks of late,  
Swell'd by thy falling sorrows more  
Than winter storms or thunder show'r ?  
For burning shame ! forbear to cry  
Like little master for a toy.

Shake off that passion—prythee do!  
Yes, shake it off—I'll tell thee how :  
Thy meal be short—thy grace long lasting,  
(Dev'l's are driv'n out by pray'r and fasting);  
Touch not a glass, for fear you spy  
The pretty sparkles of her eye ;  
Frequent no silent grove nor brook,  
Unless well arm'd with pious book ;  
In flow'ry garden never stray ;  
Read not a poem nor a play ;  
And shun (if e'er you would do well)  
The melting strains of ———  
If Morpheus flies thy call, make use  
Of poppy's sleep-provoking juice ;  
Or if that fail, e'en get by heart  
Some piece of mine, or any part ;  
Though all the cares of love encumber,  
I'm positive 'twill make you slumber.

---

---

*To a Young Lady learning Arithmetic.*

---

COUNT each beauteous orb of light,  
Twinkling in a cloudless night ;  
Count each painted son of May,  
Smiling in a meadow gay ;  
But ne'er hope to count each grace  
Opening in thy lovely face.

---

*To the Rev. Mr. Cowper, on his Voyage to Dublin.*

---

SIC FRATRES HELENÆ LUCIDA SIDERA.

---

PROPITIOUS may the fair twin-brothers smile,  
And quick return thee back to Britain's isle :  
And sure my wish the brothers will approve—  
They know what absence is to them that love.



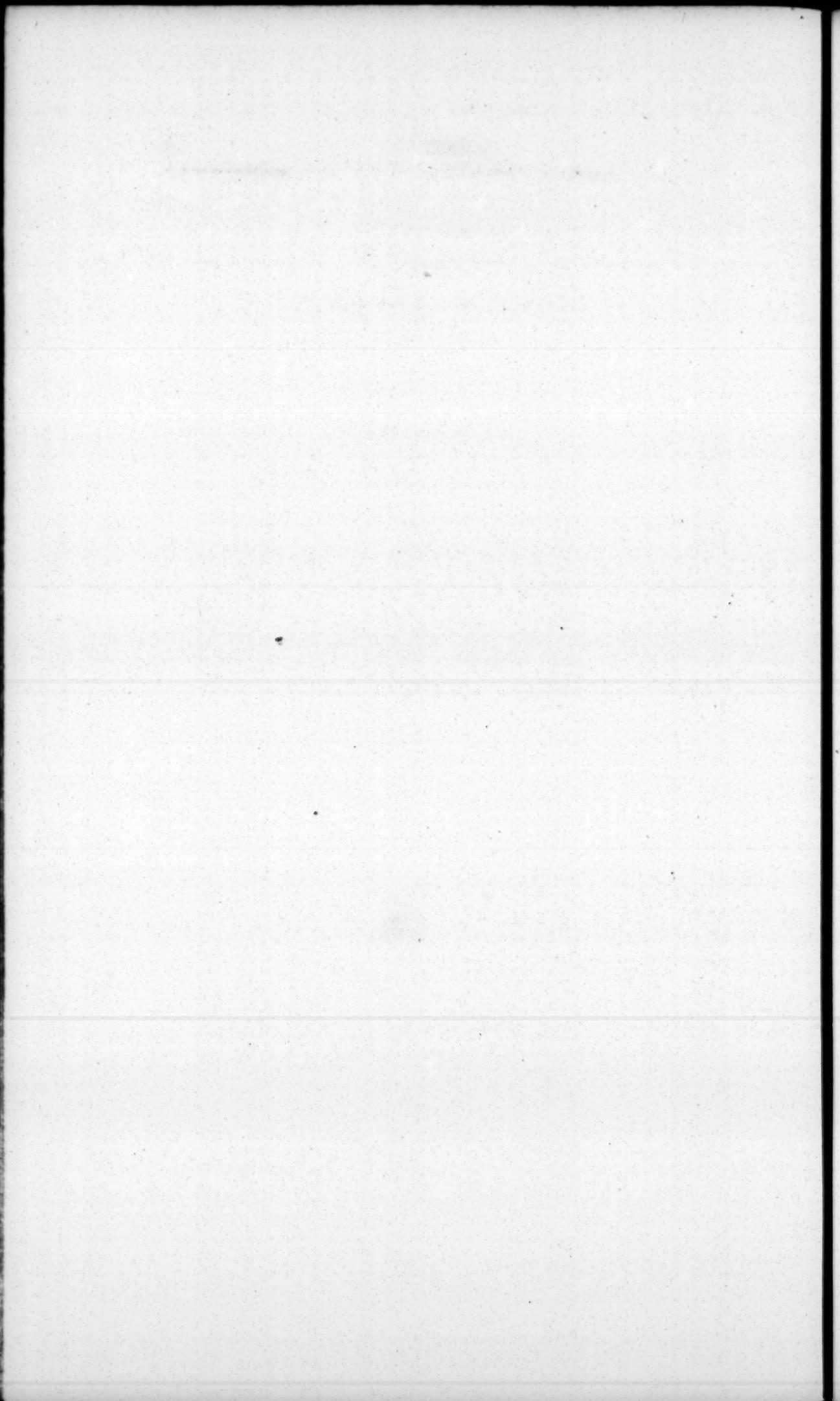
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***FABLES.***

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~~~~~  
FABLE I.*THE BOY AND THE BIRDS.*
~~~~~

ONE Christmas holiday, a lad,  
Now quit of school, and free to gad,  
From out the chimney took his gun,  
And through the hoary meadows run.

The thrush resigns its tuneful breath,  
The whistling blackbird gasping death ;  
New stains the friendly robin mark,  
Nor saves its early note the lark.

When thus exclaims the feather'd train,  
Why this delight in giving pain ?  
The hawk each grove with slaughter fills,  
Yet never for diversion kills.

~~~~~  
FABLE II.*THE SPARROWS AND THE ROBIN.*
~~~~~

A FARMER had new thatch'd his cot ;  
Intelligence the sparrows got,  
And voted one and all to go  
A pillaging the glossy straw.

A robin, as they flew along,  
They met, and ask'd to join the throng ;  
Who, nought suspecting, gave consent :  
No harm he fear'd, for none he meant.

They scarce their mischief had begun,  
When spy'd the farmer's watchful son,  
Let fly a fatal shower of lead,  
And all the roof with slaughter spread.

Poor robin just had breath to say,  
As bleeding in the crowd he lay,  
My doom unjust ye red-breasts weep,  
And mind what company you keep.



## FABLE III.

## THE SNAILS AND THE FRUIT.



A SNAIL some tempting apples spy'd,  
And to her fellows near her cry'd,  
See what a load yon boughs display,  
Come let us climb and seize the prey.

Ah no ! the thought is rash and vain,  
Replies the slimy crew again ;

That fruit for reptiles hangs too high,  
Reserv'd for happy birds that fly.

The other was not satisfy'd,  
But pluck'd her courage up and try'd ;  
Slowly she crawl'd, but kept her pace,  
And perfected at last the race.

And now of all her wish possest,  
She dropt this maxim to the rest,  
That still lay grovelling on the plain,  
What cannot diligence attain ?

\* \* \* \* \*

#### FABLE IV.

##### *THE TOO-FREE NAG.*

---

A YOUTHFUL nag, in pasture gay,  
Had tasted thrice the sweets of May,  
And thrice, from kindly rack supply'd,  
December's chilness had defy'd.

His leisure now he must forego,  
The labours of the field to know ;  
Must with the load unwieldy toil,  
Or rend the toughness of the soil.

---

Docile he plies to each command,  
Prevents his master's forming hand ;  
His every sinew strains to please,  
And puts forth all his faculties :  
No task's too hard, too long no days,  
So great his generous love of praise !

But mark the sad, too sad event ;  
With labour unremitting spent,  
Tasteless and loathsome grows his food,  
With lazy motion creeps his blood ;  
His feeble limbs he hardly rears,  
And pines, and dies in prime of years.

\* \* \* \* \*

### FABLE V.

#### *THE PETTED NAG.*

---

A PETTED nag, along the road,  
Drew, but unwillingly, its load ;  
Would stop if but a hillock rose,  
Nor pass a grip till forc'd by blows ;  
Now up, now down, now mov'd, now fast,  
It hardly reach'd its home at last.

When to an empty manger ty'd,  
With shoulder gall'd and smarting side,  
It thus reflects in settled blood—  
This stubbornness does little good ;  
Had I my free endeavours lent,  
In far less time, nor half so spent,  
I might have got my business o'er,  
And been repaid with victuals store.

---

## FABLE VI.

## THE BOY AND THE SPARROWS.

A boy, along the frozen plain,  
Was scattering heaps of chaffy grain ;  
The work a sparrow quickly views,  
And, joyful, thus imparts the news :  
See, brothers, see, how rare a boon !  
That hand may plenty ever crown !  
Make ready for the rich repast—  
Who now needs care for winter's blast ?  
An ancient dam makes this reply—  
You know him not so well as I :

This giver's Jack : then who would chuse  
But the suspicious gift refuse ?  
It's ten to one the rogue prepares  
Some falling sieve or tangling hairs ;  
Or in some hole designs to wait  
With his sad instrument of fate.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FABLE VII.

*THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE HORSE.*

---

A HUSBANDMAN betimes would breed  
To exercise his youthful steed ;  
Would teach to bear the smarting goad,  
And drag the cart's unwieldy load.

The youngster pleads, O spare my age,  
Unfit with labours to engage !  
My tender limbs no firmness know—  
O suffer yet a year or so !

His master gives consent, and he  
Another season wanders free :

---

But mark the end : to sloth inur'd,  
Nor cart nor trace he now endur'd ;  
All force the stubborn fool defy'd,  
He kick'd, and broke his leg, and died.

- - - - -

## FABLE VIII.

*THE SLUGGARD AND THE SUN.*

---

SNORING in bed a sluggard lies,  
When beams the sun upon his eyes ;  
Stretching and in a pet he wakes,  
And this expostulation makes :  
What pleasure gives it to molest,  
And hinder quiet people's rest ;  
Thy bed perhaps thou canst not keep,  
But must thou then disturb our sleep ?

No harm, the sun replies, was meant ;  
A friendly office you resent :  
This fleeting life is quickly o'er,  
Then let me shine in vain no more :  
Arise, and husband well thy span—  
All creatures are awake but man.

- - - - -

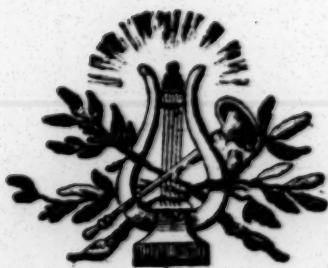


## FABLE IX.

*THE GOOSE AND THE HEN.*

As in a barn a hen made free,  
A goose was near and chanc'd to see :  
So then, she cries—but I'll not fail  
To let our master hear the tale :  
Within a day or two, no doubt,  
We'll see a bloody head thrown out.

And why this warmth ? the hen replies ;  
If I mistook not with mine eyes,  
Some body's noddle, t'other morn,  
Was popping up in yonder corn,



---

---

**SONGS.**

---

---



~~~~~  
SONG I.
~~~~~

ALL female charms, I own, my fair,  
In that accomplish'd form combine ;  
Yet, why this proud, assuming air ?  
The praise is Nature's—none of thine.

Would'st thou, with just pretensions, claim  
Of our applause an equal share,  
By thy desert, my dear, the same,  
And prove as kind as thou art fair.

~~~~~  
SONG II.

To the Tune of "Gently touch," &c.

ON a downy bank I lye,
Free from Phœbus's scorching fire,
Gentle waters murmur by,
Sweetly sing the feather'd choir ;—
Nature joins her charms in vain
To divert a lover's pain.

Blow, ye breezes, briskly blow,
Cool the flames that scorch my breast ;
Streams with deeper cadence flow—
Lull an anxious soul to rest :
Then ye gods that favour love
Make my fancy sweetly rove ;

Give to these expecting arms
Chloe, object of my vow ;
Let no frown disturb her charms,
Nor a vapour cloud her brow :
Slumbers oft the blest annoy,
But give hapless lovers joy.

- - - - -

SONG III.

WHILE other nymphs make hapless swains
Their victuals pensive hate,
Peggy those little tricks disdains,
And happier Strephon's fate :
Such relish to the rural meals
Her touch and look impart ;
A keenness every stomach feels,
A transport every heart.

Peggy the sweetly sugar'd cream
Can sugar sweet anew ;
The snowy curds from Peggy seem
To get a snowier hue :
Help'd by her hand, th' enlivening cakes
A double life convey ;
And from her breath the butter takes
A——what no tongue can say.

From charms, ye gods, when Peggy churns,
The gathering sweets secure ;
Still be the print her board adorns
From all *errata* pure :
Then Peggy's praise and Strephon's bliss
Shall my soft voice employ,
In notes that, like her print or kiss,
Shall please, yet never cloy.

SONG IV.

ONE Sunday morn, in chearful May,
When all was clad in best array,
Young Cælia tripp'd the garden gay
With robes of rarest dye :

The choicest flow'rs the virgin chose,
The lily pale, the blushing rose,
With all that most delights the nose,
Or tempts the wand'ring eye.

In artful rank when each was plac'd,
She fix'd the favourites on her breast—
O happy, happy flow'rs possess'd
Of such an heavenly seat !
But they with envy view the fair,
And (vain attempts !) presumptuous dare
With Cælia's beauties to compare,
And rival charms so great.

The rose displays its purple dyes,
Ten thousand sweets at once surprise,
Ungrateful sight to Cælia's eyes !—
Her cheeeks a blush disclose :
So much the glowing blush became,
Superior sweets so grac'd the dame,
The rose sunk down its head for shame,
And durst no more oppose.

The lily next resists the maid,
In robes of purest white array'd,
Its beauties gracefully display'd,
Her finest charms defy'd :—
The blood forsook the fair one's face,
A sudden paleness took its place,
But paleness mix'd with such a grace
As check'd the lily's pride.

The flow'rs thus foil'd in single fight,
Their force with utmost speed unite,
With lavish'd odours all invite,
And scent the neighbouring air :—
She sighs—such balmy breezes fly,
Such fragrant sweets perfume the sky,
The flow'rs drop down their heads and die,
Oppress'd with deep despair.

—•—
SONG V.

WHEN Damon first to Cælia spoke,
And made his passion known,
So free her air, so kind her look,
He thought the nymph his own.

Poor Damon ! all thy hopes are vain,
Success no longer boast :
Such Cælia is to every swain,
But catch—and Cælia's lost.

Thus oft we see, at close of eve,
When all is calm and fair,
An idle, wand'ring feather wave,
And saunter here and there ;

Tempting the grasp of ev'ry clown,
Around the trifle plays ;
He catches ! full of hopes—'tis gone,
And Simy's left to gaze.



SONG VI.

NELLY DOVE.

My Nelly's charming as—but stay !
As what, ye bards, shall Strephon say ?
For similes where must he rove
To speak the charms of Nelly Dove ?

When Nelly's cheeks a blush disclose,
Away with trifling pink and rose ;
The pink and rose will faded prove
Near the fair cheeks of Nelly Dove.

Name not a rolling orbe to vie
With Nelly's pretty sparkling eye ;
There's not an orb that rolls above
Can match the eye of Nelly Dove.

Talk not, when Nelly charms our ears,
Of the feign'd music of the spheres ;
The spheres, alas ! can never move
Like the dear voice of Nelly Dove.

Think not her breath can be express'd
By the rich fragrance of the east ;
The richest, sweetest eastern grove
Breathes no such sweets as Nelly Dove.

In vain for similes we seek ;
For, oh ! what simile can speak
(Unless her Strephon's matchless love)
The matchless charms of Nelly Dove.



SONG VII.

A THOUSAND charms can Lesbia boast ;
As many torments I sustain :
Sure Nature's purpose here is crost,
If Nature e'er did ought in vain.

Of passion why so large my share,
Without an equal art to move ?
Why was she made so tempting fair,
And yet so great a foe to love ?

In those dear arms, O let me rest,
A while that lovely bosom join !
Then shall I warm that snowy breast,
Or cool this glowing heart of mine.



SONG VIII.

WHY sighs my dear friend from the depth of his soul,
While the nectar looks over the brim of the bowl ?
That grief out of season, now, pr'ythee, forbear,
And sigh when the bottom begins to appear.

Alas, poor companion ! and is the case so ?
I now find the real, sad source of thy woe ;
Like smoke those dull sighs from a burning heart came—
Haste, pour down a bumper, and put out the flame.

— · · · —
SONG IX.

COME, Pastora, come away,
Who can brook such dull delay ;
Come and glad my longing eye—
Could I now Pastora spy !
Envious hill, O why wilt thou
Intercept a lover's view !

Haste, Pastora, haste away,
Ev'ry minute seems a day.

Once lov'd plains no longer please,
There's no pleasure but where she's ;
I'd with her to town resort,
I'd with her endure a court ;
Wilds are gardens with my dear—
All's a wild if she's not there.

Haste, Pastora, haste away,
Ev'ry minute seems a day.

See, she comes!—ye swains prepare
To entertain the lovely fair;
Let blithe jokes and rustic rhyme,
Songs and dances cheat the time;
All your gambols, all be play'd,
To divert the charming maid:
May her hours unheeded flow,
And the clock ne'er seem too slow.



See, she comes!—ye maidens haste!
Sweep the hearth! nay do it fast!
Mind that nought offend her sight;
Be the table wond'rous bright;

Rub the cupboard, rub it clean,
Till your shadow's to be seen ;
Let clean pinners grace each head,
Each her lily apron spread.

Now she's near—I burn, I glow,
Short my breath, my voice grows low !
Thus the lark, with chearful lay,
Hails th' approaching God of day ;
But when nearer he displays
Brighter beams and warmer rays,
Then her little bosom heaves,
And its gentle warbling leaves.

SONG X.

DAMON AND CHLOE.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

DAMON.

WHILST round that ready neck of thine
My welcome arms were wont to twine,
Of every nobler joy possess'd,
I pity'd Cæsar, poorly blest.

CHLOE.

Whilst Chloe was her Damon's care,
His fondest wish, his fav'rite fair,
Not Helen vied with Chloe's name,
Though deathless Homer sung the dame.

DAMON.

Now Stella's charms my bosom fire,
Stella's harmonious voice and lyre:
This life with ease I could resign,
If this, dear maid, might ransom thine.

CHLOE.

And Strephon has all Chloe now,
Strephon, dear object of her vow:
A death, a double death I'd dare,
If pitying fates would Strephon spare.

DAMON.

But what if gentle Love should deign
To re-unite the broken chain;
Should Stella from my bosom tear,
And re-establish Chloe there.

CHLOE.

Than Phosphorus though fairer he,
Thou false and furious as the sea ;
Yet trust me, Damon, trust me, I
With thee could live, with thee could die.

SONG XI.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XXVI.

TELL me, my fair one, why so fast
From a fond lover's arms you run ?
Why with that tim'rous, cruel haste
His tenderest endearments shun ?

So flies the fawn, perplex'd with fear,
When from its anxious parent stray'd.
It starts at every breath of air,
And trembles with the trembling shade.

So flies the fawn ; my fair one so ;
But think what different causes move :
It wisely dreads a mortal foe ;
You fondly are afraid of love.

Cease then, dear trifler, cease to toy ;
Those silly, childish airs resign ;
Now fit to taste substantial joy,
Quit mamma's cold embrace for mine.

◆◆◆◆◆

SONG XII.

O WHAT a deal of beauties rare
Leeve down in Caldew's valley,
Yet theer not yen 'at can compare
Wi' bonny smurking Sally.

O' fortunes great my ded oft tells,
But I cry shally-wally :
I mind nae fortunes, nor ought else,
My heart's sae set o' Sally.

Let others round the teable sit
At fairs, and drink and rally ;
While to a corner snug I git,
And kiss and hark wi' Sally.

Some lads court fearfu' hard, yet still
Put off and drive and dally :

The priest, neest Sunday, if she will,
May publish me and Sally.

O how my heart wad lowp for joy
To lead her up the ally ;
And with what courage could I cry,
I Simon tak' thee Sally.

And sud not we a bargain strike ?
I's seer our tempers tally ;
For duce a thing can Simon like
But just what likes his Sally.

I's seek, and wait nae what to de ;
The Doctor and his galley-
Pots will not signify a flea—
O send offhand for Sally !

SONG XIII.

LUCINDA summons ev'ry charm,
With pure design to kill ;
But Delia would her face disarm,
And wounds against her will.

In vain to save my trembling heart
Lucinda's sight I fly ;
Lucinda, with bewitching art,
At distance can destroy.

Where shall my frightened wand'rer rest
From such a force secure ?
Where but in Delia's sacred breast,
Where witchcraft has no power.

Thus the poor lark, when birds of prey
Denounce a bloody fate,
To some near cottage hastes away,
And courts a captive state.

•••••

SONG XIV.

HARK ! that solemn sound is one !
All things rest but I alone :
Come, thou care-composing god,
Touch my temples with thy rod.

Weary zephyrs are at ease,
Nought disturbs the slumb'ring trees ;
And the noisy, prattling stream
Murmurs faint, as in a dream.

Say, thou peaceful Pow'r divine,
Say what monst'rous crime is mine ?
I thy call ne'er disobey,
Ne'er oppose thy sov'reign sway.

Leave the miser brooding o'er
Midnight heaps of mouldy store ;
Leave the happy lover blest
On his Cælia's panting breast.

Here's the God—I feel him lye
Heavy fetters on each eye ;
Thro' each vain soft slumbers creep—
Babes thus sing themselves asleep.





SONG XV.



WHAT charms has Chloe!
Her bosom how snowy!
Each feature
Is sweeter,
Poor Venus, than thine!
Her mind, like her face, is
Adorn'd with all graces—
Not Pallas possesses
A wit so divine.

What crowds are bleeding,
While Chloe's ne'er heeding,
All lying
A dying
Through cruel disdain :
Ye gods, deign to warm her,
Or quickly disarm her—
While Chloe's a charmer,
Your temples are vain.

~~~~~

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---

***EPIGRAMS.***

---

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## EPIGRAM I.

## LUBRICILLA.

As Phœbus fair, as Phœbus unconfin'd;  
Like Venus comely, and like Venus kind.

## EPIGRAM II.

*To DEAN SWIFT, on a Report that he designed to leave  
his Fortune to build an Hospital for Ideots.*

RATHER thy wit, good Dean, than wealth devise—  
'Twill make at least a thousand ideots wise.

## EPIGRAM III.

LOLLIUS, with head bent back and close-shut eyes,  
All service-time devoutly snoring lies :  
Its great dislike, in *fies!* the parish speaks,  
And wonders Lollius thus the sabbath breaks :  
But I think Lollius keeps the sabbath best ;  
For why, he makes it still—a day of rest,



### EPIGRAM IV.

---

WHILE my dear Lesbia was alive,  
The muses made up two times five ;  
But Lesbia's now no longer mine,  
The number is reduced to nine.



### EPIGRAM V.

---

FOR Phœbus' aid my voice I raise,  
To make the charms of Cælia known ;  
But Phœbus cannot bear to praise  
A face that's brighter than his own.



### EPIGRAM VI.

---

*TO A YOUNG LADY, AFTER LOSING AT WHISK.*

---

IN vain we dare your skill at whisk,  
(No prudent man would run the risk) ;  
How could we hope to conquer now ?  
We minded not the cards—but you :

So rogues oft act ; and such their art is,  
They prepare something to divert us,  
Which, while with eagerness we look at,  
The villains slyly pick our pocket.

-----

## EPIGRAM VII.

FROM THE GREEK.

BEGIN your work : a deed's half done,  
When once you've happily begun ;  
There does but t'other half remain—  
You'll do't if you'll begin again.

-----

## EPIGRAM VIII.

ADVICE TO STREPHON.

PENSIVE Strephon, cease repining,  
Give thy injur'd stars their due ;  
There's no room for all this whining,  
Be Dorinda false or true.  
If she feeds a faithful passion,  
Canst thou call thy fortune cross ?  
And if sway'd by whim and fashion,  
Let her leave thee—where's the loss ?

~~~~~

EPIGRAM IX.
ON A WRANGLING COUPLE.
FROM MARTIAL.

~~~~~

**A**LIKE in temper and in life,  
The crossest husband, crosset wife :  
It looks exceeding odd to me,  
This well-match'd pair can disagree.

~~~~~

EPIGRAM X.
FROM CATULLUS.

~~~~~

**M**y Chloe swears by all that's good,  
She'll ne'er marry man but me ;  
But female protestations should  
Be written on the wind or sea.

~~~~~

EPIGRAM XI.
On the Author of a late Sermon against Episcopacy.

~~~~~

**B**—N, a priest unknown to fame,  
And hurry'd by a strong desire  
T' excel Erostatus's name,  
Has set a fairer church on fire.

## EPIGRAM XII.

THUS poor autumnal Delia said  
(As Delia in her glass survey'd  
A withering neck, a wrinkling face),  
' O ever hide this foul disgrace !'  
Thus Delia said, and fetch'd a sigh ;  
The glass, still ready to comply,  
A sympathizing dulness wore,  
And shew'd her faded charms no more.

## EPIGRAM XIII.

*To the Ladies, on the Recantation in the KENDAL COURANT.—Printed in a subsequent Paper.*

RESTORE, dear nymphs, the banish'd swain  
To your society again ;  
Restore, restore him, I entreat :  
His crime indeed—but to atone,  
The youth has public penance done,  
Done public penance in—a sheet.



### EPIGRAM XIV.

---

ORINDA's judgment's just and true ;  
It never made a slip but two :  
When she approv'd my lines was one ;  
The other, when she blam'd her own.

---

### EPIGRAM XV.

---

HERE, Ladies, all your favours show'r ;  
Your favours none can merit more :  
Other ungrateful souls (pox on them !)  
Forget a favour really done them ;  
But grateful Damon, 'tis believ'd,  
Remembers those he ne'er receiv'd.

---

### EPIGRAM XVI.

---

THE learned say laughter is deny'd  
To creatures void of reason ;  
Yet —— with laughter strains each side,  
And 'tis well known that he's one.

~~~~~  
EPIGRAM XVII.*FROM THE DELEG.*

THUS spoke old hum'rous Bowzy from his bed,
When a late visit some rude villains made ;
What seek ye here, my friends, at midnight, pray ?
The d—l a thing can I see at mid-day.

~~~~~

## EPIGRAM XVIII.

*ARRA AND PÆTUS.—FROM MARTIAL.*

WHEN from her bosom Arra pull'd the blade,  
Thus to her lord the tender heroine said ;  
The wound I gave myself with ease I bear—  
I die by that, alas ! which kills my dear.

~~~~~

EPIGRAM XIX.

To NARCISSA, who took it ill to have me called her Lover.

LORD, Miss ! how folks can frame a lie !
Love you, say they ?—by Jove not I !
Both Jove and you may witness bring
I never dreamt of such a thing.

Henceforth bid jealousy begone ;
Thy dear, dear self is thine alone :
From fear of rivals thou art free—
O were I half so blest as thee !

EPIGRAM XX.

ON VARUS.

No, Varus hates a thing that's base :
I own, indeed, he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

EPIGRAM XXI.

THOSE Epigrams you most commend
That with a turn least thought of end :
Then sure a tip-top one you'll call
This, which concludes with—none at all.

EPIGRAM XXII.

ACERRA.—FROM MARTIAL.

OF yesterday's debauch he smells, you say ;
'Tis false !—Acerra ply'd it till to-day.

~~~~~  
EPIGRAM XXIII.  
OVER A GLASS OF BIRCH WINE.

*EXTTEMPORE.*

~~~~~

O BIRCH! thou cruel bloody tree!
I'll be at last reveng'd on thee:
Oft hast thou drank this blood of mine—
Now for an equal draught of thine.

~~~~~

EPIGRAM XXIV.  
TO THOMAS DENTON, ESQ.

~~~~~

WOULD you improve in uncouthness of dress,
And set the world agape with new success,
Each sex and every age at once strike mute,
Disguise a Poet in a good new suit.

~~~~~

EPIGRAM XXV.  
*FROM NICOLAUS FABER.*

~~~~~

HOW great thy might, let none thy mischief know,
But what thou canst by acts of kindness shew:
A power to hurt is no such noble thing—
The toad can venom, and the serpent sting.

~~~~~  
**EPIGRAM XXVI.**

*To Mr. GREEN, under a Decay, and debarred by his  
Doctors from Drinking.*

~~~~~

PR'YTHEE, dear Green, the reason tell,
When other *greens* all look so well,
Why you alone are pale and wan ?
Or, if you cannot, then I can :
The reason is, believe the muse,
Because they drink, and you refuse !

~~~~~**EPIGRAM XXVII.**

**THE GRASSHOPPER.—FROM ANACREON.**

~~~~~

HAPPY little creature thou,
Satisfy'd with sipping dew ;
From the summit of a spray
Warblest out a pleasant lay.
Alas ! far as thou canst see,
Mighty queen, belongs to thee !
What the groves and meads produce,
All is open to thy use.

Much in thee delights the swain,
Harmless to his grass and grain ;
Much he loves thy voice to hear,
Sweet presage of summer near,
Favour thee the lovely nine ;
Phœbus's regard is thine :
Phœbus to thy little throat
Deigns a sweetly piercing note :
Free from age and slow decay,
Always wise and always gay ;
Cumber'd with no flesh and blood —
Blest ! what art thou but a god ?

EPIGRAM XXVIII.

FROM MARTIAL.

DOES freedom please you ? — Sure it does not please ;
But if it does, the means of it are these :
At home with coarser meals contented stay,
Let small Vejentan wine your thirst allay ;
Laugh at the cups on Cinna's board that shine,
And please yourself with such a gown as mine.
Thus low your mind if you have power to bring,
More freedom you may boast than Parthia's king.

~~~~~  
**EPIGRAM XXIX.***FROM ANACREON.*

You the fate of Phrygia's town  
Sing, my friend, and I my own :  
Me no ships that cross'd the main,  
Me nor horse nor foot have slain ;  
But an army strange, that lies  
Skulking in Aurelia's eyes.

~~~~~

EPIGRAM XXX.*FROM MARTIAL.*

Thou whom the fickle youth their master own,
Quintilian, glory of the Roman gown,
To live that I, though poor, make haste, forgive ;
Trust me there's none can haste too much to live.
This let him slight, who thinks his means too small,
And crowds with pictures infinite his hall.
Be mine an humble cot, a fire to chear,
A verdant meadow, and a fountain clear ;
A servant clean, a not too learned wife,
Nights bless'd with sleep, and days that know no strife.

~~~~~

EPIGRAM XXXI.  
ELIZA AT CHURCH.

---

IF e'er a lovely nymph may claim,  
With just pretence, an angel's name,  
'Tis when her God she waits before,  
To hear his pleasure and adore.

~~~~~

EPIGRAM XXXII.
FROM MARTIAL.

THAT you to joys of wine the night devote,
Gaurus, we pardon you—'twas Cato's fault :
That verses without genius you compose,
Our praises you deserve—'twas Cicero's.

~~~~~

EPIGRAM XXXIII.  
*FROM BUCHANAN.*

---

WITH industry I spread your praise,  
With equal you my censure blaze ;  
But, Zoilus, all in vain we do—  
The world nor credits me nor you.



## EPIGRAM XXXIV.

*Occasioned by the Death of a Young Girl.*

CENSURE no more the hand of Death,  
That stopp'd so early Stella's breath ;  
Nor let an easy error be  
Charg'd with the name of cruelty :  
He heard her sense, her virtues told,  
And took her (well he might) for old.



## EPIGRAM XXXV.

*FROM MARTIAL.*

O ALCIMUS ! whom too severe a doom  
Has hurry'd to the grave in early bloom !  
Be thine of Parian stone no threat'ning pile,  
A labour frail that hardly lasts a while ;  
But o'er thy grave let vines and boxes grow,  
And grass still verdant with my trickling woe :  
These monuments, dear youth, my sorrows give,  
Fair monuments, that shall for ever live !  
And when his latest thread the fates shall ply,  
Thus would thy MARTIAL haves his ashes lie.

## EPIGRAM XXXVI.

## THE WORM-DOCTOR.

VAGUS, advanc'd on high, proclaims his skill,  
By cakes of wond'rous force the worms to kill :  
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,  
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art ;  
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,  
For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

## EPIGRAM XXXVII.

FROM MARTIAL.

LARGE gifts to wealthy bachelors you send,  
And call you this munificence, my friend ?  
Nothing so sordid and so mean : for shame  
To give gross avarice such a specious name !  
Thus treacherous hooks indulge the greedy prey,  
And thus false baits unthinking beasts betray.  
Would you munificent in earnest be,  
Your gifts, Gargilianus, send to me.



## EPIGRAM XXXVIII.

THE HOUR-GLASS.—FROM AMALTHEUS.

THESE little atoms that in silence pour,  
And measure out, with even pace, the hour,  
Were once Alcippus ;—struck by Galla's eyes,  
Wretched he burn'd, and here in ashes lies ;  
Which, ever streaming, this sad truth attest,  
That lovers count the time, and know no rest.



## EPIGRAM XXXIX.

FROM MARTIAL.

YOUR father twenty pounds a month supplies,  
And gives by portions duly as you rise ;  
To-day 'tis luxury, to-morrow want,  
And daily vice demands a daily grant :  
The same bequeaths you all on his last bed—  
Poor Philomuse ! you're disinherited.



~~~~~  
EPIGRAM XL.

*On the Storms at Sea, and the King's safe Arrival
in Britain, 1736-7.*

~~~~~

BANISH'D the land by GEORGE's late decree,  
Discord took sanctuary in the sea ;  
Expecting there at least to reign secure,  
His plans to frustrate, and defy his power :  
But vain her schemes, her expectations vain !  
'Tis GEORGE's own dominion all, the main.

~~~~~

EPIGRAM XLI.

FROM MARTIAL.

~~~~~

CAESAR, my verse you graciously approv'd ;  
The honour Momus heard of, and was mov'd :  
Yet more than praises, presents you bestow ;  
Still grows his envy as your favours grow :  
See how the tortur'd fool his fingers bite !  
Give, Cæsar, give, and make him burst with spight !

THE END.



# A GLOSSARY.

|                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                                |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>A</b> <i>BUIN</i> , above                                                                                  | <i>Bowster</i> , pillow                                                                                                                                        |
| <i>Ae</i> , a, or one                                                                                         | <i>Brast</i> , burst                                                                                                                                           |
| <i>Aither</i> , each                                                                                          | <i>Brek</i> , to break                                                                                                                                         |
| <i>Aleis!</i> alas!                                                                                           | <i>Brock</i> , a badger. <i>AS. broc.</i>                                                                                                                      |
| <i>Anang</i> , among                                                                                          | <i>Dan.</i> <i>brock</i>                                                                                                                                       |
| <i>Anudder</i> , another                                                                                      | <i>Bruil</i> , to broil                                                                                                                                        |
| <i>Arr</i> , scar, or mark. Thus,<br><i>Pock-arrs</i> , the marks made<br>by the small-pox                    | <i>Buik</i> , a book                                                                                                                                           |
| <i>At</i> , that                                                                                              | <i>Busses</i> , bushes                                                                                                                                         |
| <i>Atween</i> , between                                                                                       | <i>Bworn</i> , born                                                                                                                                            |
| <i>Aw</i> , all                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                                |
| <i>Awhallow-Even</i> , All-Saints<br>Eve                                                                      | <b>C</b> <i>ALLAR</i> , fresh                                                                                                                                  |
| <i>Awruddy</i> , already                                                                                      | <i>Carl</i> , Carlisle                                                                                                                                         |
| <b>B</b> <i>AITH</i> , both                                                                                   | <i>Carrock</i> , a mountain that ap-<br>pears at a distance, by which,<br>when the sun appears over<br>it, the country people com-<br>pute the time of the day |
| <i>Ballat</i> , a ballad. <i>Fr. G.</i>                                                                       | <i>Cauld</i> , cold                                                                                                                                            |
| <i>Balade</i> . <i>It.</i> <i>Ballata</i> , a song                                                            | <i>Caw</i> , call                                                                                                                                              |
| <i>Bauldly</i> , boldly                                                                                       | <i>Caw't</i> , call it                                                                                                                                         |
| <i>Bay</i> , to bend, from the <i>Sax.</i><br><i>bygan</i> , <i>bugan</i> , to crook                          | <i>Chyne</i> , chain                                                                                                                                           |
| <i>Beck</i> , a rivulet, or small brook.                                                                      | <i>Claise</i> , cloaths                                                                                                                                        |
| A word common to the<br>ancient Saxon, High and<br>Low Dutch, and Danish                                      | <i>Claver'd</i> , clambered                                                                                                                                    |
| <i>Beelded</i> , builded                                                                                      | <i>Cled</i> , clad                                                                                                                                             |
| <i>Bide</i> , to bear or abide                                                                                | <i>Cleck</i> , to catch, or snatchaway.                                                                                                                        |
| <i>Big</i> , barley                                                                                           | Perhaps from the <i>Sax. gelæ-</i><br><i>cian</i> of the same meaning                                                                                          |
| <i>Blake</i> , a yellowish golden<br>colour. As <i>blake</i> as a mar-<br>gold, a common proverbial<br>simile | <i>Com</i> , came                                                                                                                                              |
| <i>Bluim</i> , bloom. <i>T. blum.</i> <i>Belg.</i><br>bloem                                                   | <i>Cockwebs</i> , cobwebs                                                                                                                                      |
| <i>Bluid</i> , blood                                                                                          | <i>Corwren</i> , crouching                                                                                                                                     |
| <i>Boilen</i> , boiling                                                                                       | <i>Crack</i> , to challenge                                                                                                                                    |
| <i>Bonny</i> , pretty                                                                                         | <i>Cud</i> , could                                                                                                                                             |
|                                                                                                               | <i>Cuil</i> , cool                                                                                                                                             |
|                                                                                                               | <i>Cupy</i> , Cupid                                                                                                                                            |
|                                                                                                               | <i>Cursemas</i> , Christmas                                                                                                                                    |
|                                                                                                               | <i>Cursty</i> , Christopher                                                                                                                                    |
|                                                                                                               | <i>Cworn</i> , corn                                                                                                                                            |

**D**ADGE, to walk dang-  
lingly

**Dail**, a narrow plot of ground  
in a common-field, set out  
by land-marks. It originally  
signifies a division, or  
one's share in anything that  
is dealt or divided. *AS.*  
*delen*, to divide

**De**, do.

**Ded**, dad; father

**Dess**, to lay carefully together

**Dispert**, desperate

**Dree**, long, tedious, beyond  
expectation

**Dubler**, platter. *C. B.* dwbler

**Duim**, doom. *Old Teut.* duom

**Duce**, the devil, or an evil  
spirit. St. Austin makes  
mention of some dæmons,  
or spirits, that were guilty  
of impurities with women,  
which spirits, he says, the  
Gauls called *duses* (*quos  
dusios nuncupant Galli.*) *V.  
Aug. de Civit. Dei. Lib. I.  
Cap. 23.*

**Duin**, done

**Dwallow'd**, wither'd

**E**E, eye

**Een**, eyes

**Esternuin**, afternoon

**Ecith**, easy, a Saxon word

**Enquear**, enquire

**F**ANCY, a ribband, a prize  
for dancers

**Fardin**, farthing

**Fash me**, trouble myself

**Fawn**, fallen

**Faw't**, fall it, or befall it

**Feace**, face

**Fearfu'**, fearful; sometimes  
very

**Feckless**, feeble, insignificant,  
without effect

**Fell**, a mountain. *Isl.* fell, a  
steep ascent. φιλλός, Hesychius  
expounds, σχληρός  
τόπος καὶ δυστεγός, asper locus et  
cultu nifficilis. See Suidas  
at the word φιλλός, and the  
Scholiast on Aristophanes's  
Nubes, Act I. Sec. 1. in τῷ  
φιλλίῳ

**Fleer**, floor

**Flyre**, to laugh by way of  
ridicule

**Forrat**, forward

**Frae**, from

**Full** drive, full speed. Perhaps  
from the Saxon phrase, *full  
rive*. See Dr. Hickes's Ant.  
Lit. Sept. p. 227

**Furst**, first

**Fuil**, fool

**Fworc'd**, forc'd

**G**AMS, games

**Gang**, to go. From the  
Low Dutch *gangen*; both  
from the Saxon *gan*, to go

**Gar**, to make, cause, or force,  
from the Danish word *gior*

**Gash**, to cut

**Garw**, going

**Geane**, gone

**Gitten**, got or gotten

**Gliff**, a transient view

**Glime**, to look askance

**Glop**, to stare. *AS.* glopan.  
*Isl.* glopur, a fool

**Grandy**, grandmother

**Grown**, growing

**Grund**, ground

**Guid**, good

**Gursin**, pasture

**HARK**, to whisper & listen  
*Harculus, Hercules*

**Hauld**, hold

**Heame**, home

**Hed**, had

**Hell**, to pour. *Isl. hella*

**Herry**, to rob. From the Saxon  
*herian*. Junius derives it  
from *aīew, tollo*

**Holesome**, wholesome

**ILL**, I will

*Ingle*, fire

**I's**, I'm

**KEASE**, case

**Kest**, to cast. *To kest a  
loop*, to knit

**King Gweorges**, King George's  
halfpence

**Kits**, pails

**LAIT**, to seek. *Isl. leita*

*Lake*, to play. *AS. lacan*

**Lall**, little

**Lang**, long

**Langsome**, long, tedious

**Lave**, all the rest. From the  
Saxon *lav* and *lave*

**Leathly**, lately

**Lee**, to lie

**Leeve**, to live

**Leave**, v. *lave*

**Lig**, to lay. *AS. ligan. Belg.  
liggen*

**Lile**, little

**Lowp**, to leap

**Low'sd**, loos'd

**Luik**, to look

**Luikt**, looked

**Luive**, love

**Lwonin**, lane

**Lword**, Lord

**MAISTER**, master, or  
schoolmaster

**Maks**, makes

**Mare**, more

**Meade**, made

**Meake**, to make. *Belg. maecken*

**Mean**, moan

**Mean**, to bemoan. *AS. mānan*

**Mell**, a beetle. Signifies here  
the hindmost, from a cus-  
tom at horse-races of giving  
a mell, or beetle, to the  
hindmost. Hence they call  
the hindmost the *Mell*

**Mens'd**, graced or decorated

**Menny**, many

**Ment**, mixed or mingled. *AS.  
mangan, mangan. D. menge*

**Mickle**, much. *AS. micl, micel.  
Teut. mikill*

**Moam**, mellow. There is a soft  
crumbling stone in Oxford-  
shire, which the country  
people call *maum*. See Dr.  
Plot's Nat. Hist. Ox.

**Mud**, might, or must

**Mudder**, mother

**Muins**, moons

**Mun**, must. *Isl. eg mun giora,  
facturus sum*

**Murry**, merry

**Mworn**, morn, or morrow

**NAETHING**, nothing

**Neakt**, naked

**Neame**, name

**Neen**, nine

**Neest**, next

**N**, none

**Nuik**, chimney-corner

**ONDERGANG**, to undergo

*Own'd*, fated, or destined

**Owr**, over

**P***ARFET*, perfect, entire  
*Parlisch*, perilous

*Peer*, poor  
*Pezz*, pease  
*Please*, place  
*Pleaguy*, plaguy  
*Powen*, pulling  
*Powt*, pulled  
*Pra'tha*, pr'ythee  
*Pruive*, prove

**R***EACE*, race  
*Reed*, reeder, red, redder  
*Rock*, distaff. D. *rock*. Belg.  
spinrock  
*Ruddily*, readily

**S***ACKLESS*, innocent, faultless; a pure Saxon word, from the noun *sac*, *saca*, a cause, fault, guilt, &c. and the proposition *leas*, without  
*Sae*, so  
*Sair*, sore. Isl. *saar*. S. *sar*  
*Sairy*, poor, innocent  
*Sall*, shall  
*Scawd*, to scald or boil  
*Schuil*, school  
*Scrawlen*, sprawling  
*Scy'*, scythe  
*Seave*, *seav'd*, save, sav'd  
*Seck a*, such a  
*Seer*, sure  
*Seevy-cap*, cap made of rushes  
*Sell*, self  
*Sheerers*, reapers  
*Shem*, shame  
*Shally-wally*, a sign of contempt  
*Shoon*, shoes  
*Showder*, shoulder  
*Simmer*, summer  
*Sin*, since  
*Sindry*, sundry  
*Sineways*, sundry ways

*Slap*, to beat. Teut. *schlapp*  
*Sleely*, slily  
*Slinge*, to go creepingly away, as ashamed: perhaps from the Saxon *slincan*, to creep  
*Smurk*, to smile. AS. *smercian*  
*Snaffen*, sauntering  
*Spelder'd*, spell'd  
*Spinnels*, spindles  
*Stang*, sting. AS. *stang*. Isl. *staung*  
*Stound*, pain or smart. Isl. *stun*, *stund*, doleo ui  
*Strean*, strain  
*Stint*, usual measure. Perhaps from the Saxon *stincan*, to restrain, or set bounds to  
*Stummer'd*, stumbled  
*Sud*, should  
*Suir*, sure  
*Sweels of laughter*, swells or bursts of laughter. We likewise say the candle *sweels*, when it blazes or burns fast away, from the Saxon word *swelan*,—and probably this is a metaphor taken from it

**T***EE*, too  
*Thame*, them  
*Thar*, them  
*Thoom*, thumb  
*Thur*, these  
*Treace*, to trace  
*Trod*, foot-path  
*Tuith*, tooth  
*Twea*, two

**V***ARMENT*, vermin  
*Ventersome*, rash, adventurous

**W***AE*, woe  
*Wad*, would

|                                                  |                                                              |
|--------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Wait, wot.</i> From the Saxon<br><i>wætan</i> | <i>Whore, where</i>                                          |
| <i>Wandren, wandering</i>                        | <i>Willy-wands, willows</i>                                  |
| <i>War, worse</i>                                | <i>Wittenly, wottenly, designedly</i>                        |
| <i>War't, laid out or expended</i>               | <i>Won, to dwell or inhabit.—</i><br>A.S. <i>wunnian</i>     |
| <i>Wark, work or business</i>                    | <i>Wood, mad. S. wod</i>                                     |
| <i>Wapp'd, wrapt</i>                             | <i>Wondren, wondering</i>                                    |
| <i>Watter, water</i>                             | <i>Wramp, sprain</i>                                         |
| <i>Waws, walls</i>                               | <i>Wrang, wrong</i>                                          |
| <i>Wee, diminutive</i>                           | <i>Wud, with. God be wud her,</i><br>i. e. God rest her soul |
| <i>Weel, well</i>                                |                                                              |
| <i>Wesh, to wash</i>                             |                                                              |
| <i>Whaes, whose</i>                              | <i>YEN, one</i>                                              |
| <i>Whiews, flies hastily</i>                     | <i>Yence, once</i>                                           |
| <i>White, quite</i>                              | <i>Yell, whole</i>                                           |



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*R. ANDERSON,*  
OF CARLISLE.

SPECIMEN OF THE POETRY.

SONNET  
TO  
THE RIVER EDEN.

THOU murm'ring emblem of a troubled mind,  
That wak'st fond Memory's tear, for ever true !  
Time was, when, on thy moss-grown bank reclin'd,  
I view'd thy surface ruffled by the wind,  
As eager, light-wing'd Fancy forward flew ;  
Then did I dream of joys I ne'er could find—  
'Twas life's gay spring, and sorrows were but few.

Sweet stream ! whose mournful melody is dear,  
Far from fell Slander and her wolfish brood !  
A wand'rer oft, thy flow'r-clad margin near,  
I'll pensive think of man's ingratitude ;  
And youth's gay age, when Mirth oft led me here,  
Ere Mis'ry bade me drop the painful tear,  
Or Hope, with flatt'ring tale, this bosom did delude.

